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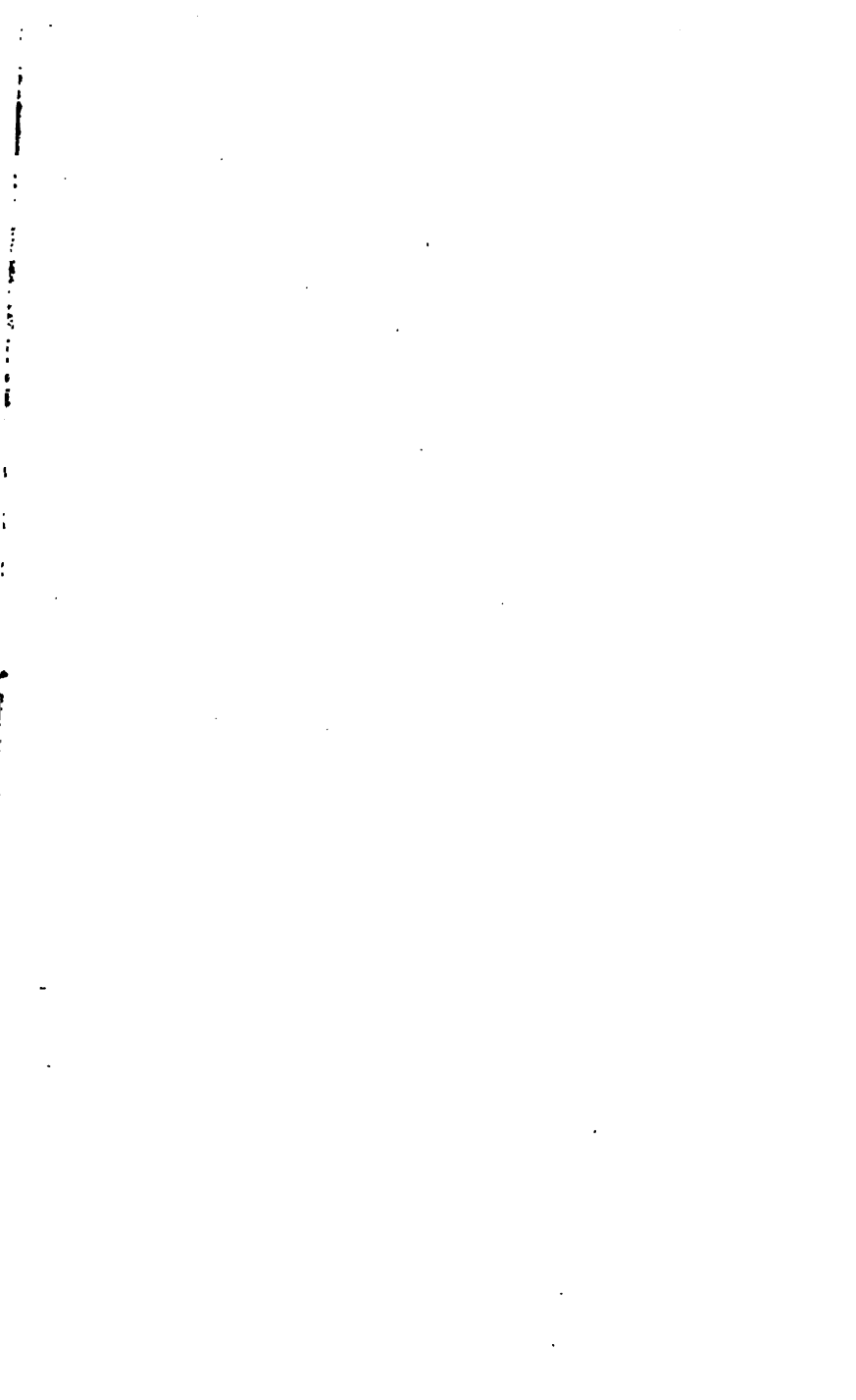
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THE

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH

BALLADS.

EDITED BY

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD.

VOL. IV.



BOSTON :

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

1866.

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BOOK IV.

CONTINUED.



YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

AN inspection of the first hundred lines of Robert of Gloucester's *Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Becket*, (edited for the Percy Society by W. H. Black, vol. xix,) will leave no doubt that the hero of this ancient and beautiful tale is veritably Gilbert Becket, father of the renowned Saint Thomas of Canterbury. Robert of Gloucester's story coincides in all essential particulars with the traditionary legend, but Susie Pye is, unfortunately, spoken of in the chronicle by no other name than the daughter of the Saracen Prince Admirand.

In some mysterious way this little romance seems to have been transported from England to Italy. At any rate it is found there, and in a beautiful form. The story is also found in Andalusia, Catalonia, and the Asturias. See *Moran d'Inghilterra*, Nigra, *Cansoni Popolari*, Rivist. Con. vol. xxxi. p. 3.

We have thought it well to present the three best versions of so popular and interesting a ballad. The two which are given in the body of this work are Jamieson's, from *Popular Ballads*, ii. 117, and ii. 127. In the Appendix is Kinloch's, from *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 260. Other printed copies are *Lord Beichan*, in Richardson's *Borderer's Table Book*, vii. 20, communicated by J. H. Dixon, who has inserted the same in *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 85; *Lord Bateman*, the common

English broadside (at p. 95 of the collection just cited); and *Young Bondwell*, published from Buchan's MS. in *Scottish Traditionary Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 1, (Percy Soc. vol. xvii.) identical, we suppose, with the copy referred to by Motherwell in *Scarce Ancient Ballads*, Peterhead, 1819. There is a well-known burlesque of the ordinary English ballad, called *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, with comical illustrations by Cruikshank. On this was founded a burlesque drama, produced some years ago at the Strand Theatre, London, with great applause.

"This ballad, and that which succeeds it in this collection, (both on the same subject,) are given from copies taken from Mrs. Brown's recitation, collated with two other copies procured from Scotland, one in MS., another very good one printed for the stalls; a third, in the possession of the late Reverend Jonathan Boucher of Epsom, taken from recitation in the North of England; and a fourth, about one third as long as the others, which the Editor picked off an old wall in Piccadilly."

Jamieson's interpolations have been omitted.

In London was young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was taen by a savage moor,
Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land;
Their way of worship viewed he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So in every shoulder they've putten a bore ;
 In every bore they've putten a tree ;
 And they have made him trail the wine
 And spices on his fair bodie.

They've casten him in a dungeon deep,
 Where he could neither hear nor see ;
 For seven years they kept him there,
 Till he for hunger's like to die.

This Moor he had but æ daughter,
 Her name was called Susie Pye ;
 And every day as she took the air,
 Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

O so it fell, upon a day
 She heard young Beichan sadly sing ;
 " My hounds they all go masterless ;
 My hawks they flee from tree to tree ;
 My younger brother will heir my land ;
 Fair England again I'll never see ! "

All night long no rest she got,
 Young Beichan's song for thinking on ;
 She's stown the keys from her father's head,
 And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has open'd the prison doors,
 I wot she open'd two or three,
 Ere she could come young Beichan at,
 He was locked up so curiouslie.

4 YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

But when she came young Beichan before,
Sore wonder'd he that may to see ;
He took her for some fair captive ;—
“ Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie ? ”

“ O have ye any lands,” she said,
“ Or castles in your own countrie,
That ye could give to a lady fair,
From prison strong to set you free ? ”

“ Near London town I have a hall,
With other castles two or three ;
I'll give them all to the lady fair
That out of prison will set me free.”

“ Give me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me.”

“ I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,
The truth of it I'll freely gie,
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost show to me.”

And she has brib'd the proud warder
Wi' mickle gold and white monie ;
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice-cake,
She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;
She's bidden him sometimes think on her,
That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her finger,
And to Beichan half of it gave she :
"Keep it, to mind you of that love
The lady bore that set you free.

"And set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie ;
And before that seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."

But long ere seven years had an end,
She long'd full sore her love to see ;
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, "Beichan has broke his vow to thee."
So she's set her foot on good ship-board,
And turn'd her back on her own countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
Till to fair England's shore she came ;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd ?
What news hast thou to tell to me ?"
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,
"The like was never in this countrie.

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,
Has lasted these thirty days and three;
Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,
For love of one that's yond the sea."

She's put her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the gold and white monie;
"Hae, take ye that, my bonny boy,
For the good news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirl'd softly at the pin;
So ready was the proud porter
To open and let this lady in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he's in the hall among them all,
And this is the day o' his weddin."

"And has he wed anither love?
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And, sighin', said that gay ladie,
"I wish I were in my own countrie."

And she has taen her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free;
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me."

When the porter came his lord before,
He kneeled down low on his knee——
“What aileth thee, my proud porter,
Thou art so full of courtesie?”¹

“I’ve been porter at your gates,
It’s thirty long years now and three;
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like o’ her did I never see;

“For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid finger she has three;
And as meickle gold aboon her brow
As would buy an earldom to me.”

Its out then spak the bride’s mother,
Aye and an angry woman was shee;
“Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three of our companie.”

“O hold your tongue, thou bride’s mother;
Of all your folly let me be;
She’s ten times fairer nor the bride,
And all that’s in your companie.

¹ But when he came Lord Jockey befer, he
He kneeled lowly on his knee:

“What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie?”

The Lovers’ Quarrel, v. 133-136.

"She begs one sheave of your white bread,
But and a cup of your red wine;
And to remember the lady's love,
That last reliev'd you out of pine."

"O well-a-day!" said Beichan then,
"That I so soon have married thee!
For it can be none but Susie Pye,
That sailed the sea for love of me."

And quickly hied he down the stair;
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"O hae ye ta'en anither bride?
And hae ye quite forgotten me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave you life and libertie?"

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e:
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dree'd so much for me."

Then out and spak the forenoon bride,—

“My lord, your love it changeth soon ;
This morning I was made your bride,
And another chose ere it be noon.”

“O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride ;

Ye’re ne’er a whit the worse for me ;
And whan ye return to your own countrie,
A double dower I’ll send with thee.”

He’s taen Susie Pye by the white hand,

And gently led her up and down ;
And ay as he kist her red rosy lips,
“Ye’re welcome, jewel, to your own.”

He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,

And led her to yon fountain stane ;
He’s changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he’s call’d her his bonny love, Lady
Jane.

YOUNG BEKIE.

YOUNG Bekie was as brave a knight
As ever sail'd the sea ;
And he's doen him to the court o' France,
To serve for meat and fee.

He hadna been in the court o' France
A twelvemonth nor sae lang,
Till he fell in love wi' the king's daughter,
And was thrown in prison strang.

The king he had but ae daughter,
Burd Isbel was her name ;
And she has to the prison gane,
To hear the prisoner's mane.

8. *Court o' France.* " And first, here to omit the programme of him and his mother, named Rose, whom Polyd. Virgilius falsely nameth to be a Saracen, when indeed she came out of the parts bordering neere to *Normandy*." Fox, *Acts and Monuments*, cited by Motherwell, p. xvi.

"O gin a lady wad borrow me,
At her stirrup I wad rin ;
Or gin a widow wad borrow me,
I wad swear to be her son.

"Or gin a virgin wad borrow me,
I wad wed her wi' a ring ;
I'd gi'e her ha's, I'd gi'e her bowers,
The bonny towers o' Linne."

O barefoot barefoot gaed she but,
And barefoot cam she ben ;
It wasna for want o' hose and shoon,
Nor time to put them on ;

But a' for fear that her father
Had heard her makin' din ;
For she's stown the keys of the prison,
And gane the dungeon within.

And when she saw him, young Bekie,
Wow, but her heart was sair !
For the mice, but and the bald rattons,
Had eaten his yellow hair.

She's gotten him a shaver for his beard,
A comber till his hair ;
Five hundred pound in his pocket,
To spend, and nae to spare.

She's gi'en him a steed was good in need,
And a saddle o' royal bane;
A leash o' hounds o' ae litter,
And Hector called aye.

Atween thir twa a vow was made,
'Twas made full solemnelie,
That or three years were come and gane,
Weel married they should be.

He hadna been in's ain countrie
A twelvemonth till an end,
Till he's forced to marry a duke's daughter,
Or than lose a' his land.

"Ochon, alas !" says young Bekie,
"I kenna what to dee ;
For I canna win to Burd Isbel,
And she canna come to me."

O it fell out upon a day
Burd Isbel fell asleep,
And up it starts the Billy Blin,
And stood at her bed feet.

"O waken, waken, Burd Isbel ;
How can ye sleep so soun' ;
When this is Bekie's wedding day,
And the marriage gaing on ?

"Ye do ye till your mither's bower,
As fast as ye can gang;
And ye tak three o' your mether's marys,
To haud ye unthocht lang.

"Ye dress yoursel i' the red scarlet,
And your marys in dainty green;
And ye put girdles about your middle
Wad buy an earldome.

"Syne ye gang down by yon sea-side,
And down by yon sea-strand;
And bonny will the Hollans boats
Come rowin' till your hand.

"Ye set your milk-white foot on board,
Cry, 'Hail ye, Domine!'
And I will be the steerer o't,
To row you o'er the sea."

She's ta'en her till her mither's bower,
As fast as she could gang;
And she's ta'en twa o' her mither's marys,
To haud her unthocht lang.

She's drest hersel i' the red scarlet,
Her marys i' the dainty green;
And they've put girdles about their middle
Would buy an earldome.

And they gaed down by yon sea-side,
And down by yon sea-strand ;
And sae bonny as the Hollans boats
Come rowin' till their hand.

She set her milk-white foot on board,
Cried, " Hail ye, Domine !"
And the Billy Blin was the steerer o't,
To row her o'er the sea.

Whan she cam to young Bekie's gate,
She heard the music play ;
And her mind misgae by a' she heard,
That 'twas his wedding day.

She's pitten her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en the porter markis three ;
" Hae, take ye that, ye proud porter,
Bid your master speake to me."

O whan that he cam up the stair,
He fell low down on his knee :
He hail'd the king, and he hail'd the queen,
And he hail'd him, young Bekie.

" O I have been porter at your gates
This thirty years and three ;
But there are three ladies at them now,
Their like I did never see.

"There's ane o' them drest in red scarlet,
And twa in dainty green ;
And they hae girdles about their middles
Would buy an earldome."

Then out and spak the bierdly bride,
Was a' goud to the chin ;
" Gin she be fine without," she says,
" We's be as fine within."

Then up it starts him, young Bekie,
And the tear was in his e'e :
" I'll lay my life it's Burd Isbel,
Come o'er the sea to me."

O quickly ran he down the stair ;
And whan he saw 'twas she,
He kindly took her in his arms,
And kist her tenderlie.

" O hae ye forgotten now, young Bekie,
The vow ye made to me,
When I took you out of prison strang,
When ye was condemned to die ?

" I gae you a steed was good in need,
And a saddle o' royal bane ;
A leash o' hounds o' ae litter ;
And Hector called ane."

It was weel kent what the lady said,
That it was nae a lie ;
For at the first word the lady spak,
The hound fell at her knee.

“ Tak hame, tak hame your daughter dear ;
A blessing gang her wi’ ;
For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,
That’s come o’er the sea to me.”

“ Is this the custome o’ your house,
Or the fashion o’ your land,
To marry a maid in a May morning,
Send her back a maid at e’en ? ”

HYND HORN.

THOSE metrical romances, which in the chivalrous ages, constituted the most refined pastime of a rude nobility, are known in many cases to have been adapted for the entertainment of humbler hearers, by abridgment in the form of ballads. Such was the case with the ancient *gest* of *King Horn*. Preserved in several MSS., both French and English, in something of its original proportions, an epitome of it has also descended to us through the mouths of the people.

An imperfect copy of the following piece was inserted by Cromek in his *Select Scottish Songs*, (London, 1810, vol. ii. p. 204-210.) Better editions have since been furnished by Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 138; Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, p. 95; and Buchan, *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 268. Of these, we reprint the last two.

All the poems relating to Horn, in French and English, including the Scottish ballads above mentioned, are collected by Michel, in a beautiful volume of the Bannatyne Club, *Horn et Rimenhild*, Paris, 1845.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 85.

NEAR Edinburgh was a young child born,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And his name it was called Young Hynd Horn,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he served the King,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And it's a' for the sake of his dochter Jean,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The King an angry man was he,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"O I never saw my love before,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Till I saw her thro' an augre bore,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And she gave to me a gay gold ring,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
With three shining diamonds set therein,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And I gave to her a silver wand,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
With three singing laverocks set thereon,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What if those diamonds lose their hue,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Just when my love begins for to rew,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie?"

"For when your ring turns pale and wan,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Then I'm in love with another man,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

He's left the land, and he's gone to the sea,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And he's stayed there seven years and a day,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he has been on the sea,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And Hynd Horn has looked how his ring may be,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

But when he looked this ring upon,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
The shining diamonds were both pale and wan,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

O the ring it was both black and blue,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And she's either dead, or she's married,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

He's left the seas, and he's come to the land,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And the first he met was an auld beggar man,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What news, what news, my silly auld man ?
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
For it's seven years since I have seen land,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What news, what news, thou auld beggar man ?
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
What news, what news, by sea or land ?
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"No news at all," said the auld beggar man,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
"But there is a wedding in the King's hall,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"There is a King's dochter in the West,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And she has been married thir nine nights past,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Into the bride-bed she winna gang,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Till she hears tell of her ain Hynd Horn,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat?
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And I'll give to thee my scarlet cloak,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Wilt thou give to me thy begging staff?
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And I'll give to thee my good gray steed,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

The auld beggar man cast off his coat,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And he's ta'en up the scarlet cloak,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man threw down his staff,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And he has mounted the good gray steed,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But young Hynd Horn for the King's hall,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

When he came to the King's gate,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
He asked a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

These news unto the bonnie bride came,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
That at the yett there stands an auld man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"There stands an auld man at the King's gate,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
He asketh a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"I'll go through nine fires so hot,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But I'll give him a drink for young Hynd Horn's
sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

She went to the gate where the auld man did
stand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;

And she gave him a drink out of her own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

She gave him a cup out of her own hand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
He drunk out the drink, and dropt in the ring,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Got thou it by sea, or got thou it by land ?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Or got thou it off a dead man's hand ?
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I got it not by sea, but I got it by land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
For I got it out of thine own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And I'll follow thee from town to town,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"I'll cast off my gowns of red,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And along with thee I'll beg my bread,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"Thou need not cast off thy gowns of brown,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;

For I can make thee lady of many a town,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

“Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
For I can maintain thee with both wine and bread,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride
wed,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But young Hynd Horn took the bride to the bed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

HYND HORN.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 268.

"HYND HORN fair, and Hynd Horn free,
O where were you born, in what countrie?"
"In gude greenwood, there I was born,
And all my forbears me beforne.

"O seven years I served the king,
And as for wages, I never gat nane;
But ae sight o' his ae daughter,
And that was thro' an augre bore.

"My love gae me a siller wand,
'Twas to rule ower a' Scotland;
And she gae me a gay gowd ring,
The virtue o't was above a' thing."

"As lang's this ring it keeps the hue,
Ye'll know I am a lover true;
But when the ring turns pale and wan,
Ye'll know I love another man."

He hoist up sails, and awa' sail'd he,
And sail'd into a far countrie ;
And when he look'd upon his ring,
He knew she loved another man.

He hoist up sails and home came he,
Home unto his ain countrie ;
The first he met on his own land,
It chanc'd to be a beggar man.

"What news, what news, my gude auld man?
What news, what news, hae ye to me?"
"Nae news, nae news," said the auld man,
"The morn's our queen's wedding day."

"Will ye lend me your begging weed,
And I'll lend you my riding steed?"
"My begging weed will ill suit thee,
And your riding steed will ill suit me."

But part be right, and part be wrang,
Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan ;
"Auld man, come tell to me your leed,
What news ye gie when ye beg your bread."

"As ye walk up unto the hill,
Your pike staff ye lend ye till ;
But whan ye come near by the yett,
Straight to them ye will upstep.

"Take nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,
Nane frae high or low o' them all ;
And frae them all ye will take nane,
Until it comes frae the bride's ain hand."

He took nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,
Nane frae the high nor low o' them all ;
And frae them all he would take nane,
Until it came frae the bride's ain hand.

The bride came tripping down the stair,
The combs o' red gowd in her hair ;
A cup o' red wine in her hand,
And that she gae to the beggar man.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropt the ring ;
"O got ye't by sea, or got ye't by land,
Or got ye't on a drown'd man's hand?"

"I got it not by sea, nor got it by land,
Nor got I it on a drown'd man's hand ;
But I got it at my wooing gay,
And I'll gie't you on your wedding day."

"I'll take the red gowd frae my head,
And follow you, and beg my bread ;
I'll take the red gowd frae my hair,
And follow you for evermair."

Atween the kitchen and the ha',
He loot his cloutie cloak down fa';
And wi' red gowd shone ower them a',
And frae the bridegroom the bride he sta'.

KATHARINE JANFARIE.

A STORY similar to this occurs in various forms both in Scotland and the Scandinavian kingdoms. Scott inserted the ballad in his first edition under the title of *The Laird of Laminton*; the present copy is an improved one obtained by him from several recitations. (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 122.) Other versions are Motherwell's, printed with this, *Maidment's*, in his *North Countrie Garland*, p. 34, (*Catharine Jaffery*), and Buchan's, in his *Gleanings*, p. 74, (*Loch-in-var.*) *Sweet William*, in Motherwell's collection, (see Appendix,) is still another variety.

Jamieson has translated a Danish ballad which, though not cognate with these, exhibits nearly the same incidents, and we have inserted it in the Appendix.

It need hardly be remarked that the spirited ballad of *Lochinvar* in *Marmion* is founded on this ancient legend.

THERE was a may, and a weel-far'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen :
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland Border ;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin ;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersell,
And has her favour won.

But out then cam Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this bonny may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin ;
But he told na the bonnie may hersell,
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see ;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answer'd she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger,
Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an armed man
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding day ;
And said—it was the fairy court,
To see him in array !

“ O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play,
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding day ? ”

“ I come na here to fight,” he said,
“ I come na here to play ;
I’ll but lead a dance wi’ the bonny bride,
And mount, and go my way.”

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He’s ta’en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
He’s mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen speir’d na leave.

“ Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar,
Now take her, if you may !
But if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play.”

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone grey ;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a' ;
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae ;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride,
“ O wae's me for foul play ! ”

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing,
Wae to your wilfu' will !
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's bluid ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English Border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day,
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul foul play.

CATHERINE JOHNSTONE.

OBTAINED from recitation, in the West of Scotland. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 225.

THERE was a lass, as I heard say,
Liv'd low down in a glen ;
Her name was Catherine Johnstone,
Weel known to many men.

Doun came the laird o' Lamington,
Doun from the South Countrie ;
And he is for this bonnie lass,
Her bridegroom for to be.

He's ask'd her father and mother,
The chief of a' her kin ;
And then he ask'd the bonnie lass,
And did her favour win.

Doun came an English gentleman,
Doun from the English border ;
He is for this bonnie lass,
To keep his house in order.

He ask'd her father and mother,
As I do hear them say ;
But he never ask'd the lass hersell,
Till on her wedding day.

But she has wrote a long letter,
And sealed it with her hand ;
And sent it to Lord Lamington,
To let him understand.

The first line o' the letter he read,
He was baith glad and fain ;
But or he read the letter o'er,
He was baith pale and wan.

Then he has sent a messenger,
And out through all his land ;
And four-and-twenty armed men
Was all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all,
Left them on the lee ;
And he's awa to the wedding house,
To see what he could see.

But when he came to the wedding house,
As I do understand,
There were four-and-twenty belted knights
Sat at a table round.

They rose all to honour him,
For he was of high renown ;
They rose all for to welcome him,
And bade him to sit down.

O meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups did flow ;
But aye she drank to Lamington,
For with him would she go.

O meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups gaed round ;
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

“ O came ye here for sport, young man,
Or came ye here for play ?
Or came ye for our bonnie bride,
On this her wedding day ? ”

“ I came not here for sport,” he said,
“ Neither did I for play ;
But for one word o’ your bonnie bride,
I’ll mount and go away.”

They set her maids behind her,
To hear what they would say ;
But the first question he ask’d at her
Was always answered nay ;
The next question he ask’d at her
Was, “ Mount and come away ? ”

It's up the Couden bank,
And doun the Couden brae ;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It's a weel won play.

O meikle was the blood was shed
Upon the Couden brae ;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It's a' fair play.

Come, a' ye English gentlemen,
That is of England born,
Come na doun to Scotland,
For fear ye get the scorn.

They'll feed ye up wi' flattering words,
And that's foul play ;
And they'll dress you frogs instead of fish,
Just on your wedding day.

BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON.

JAMIESON'S *Popular Ballads*, ii. 135, from Mrs. Brown's recitation. *Barbara Livingston*, a shorter piece, with a different catastrophe, is given in the Appendix, from Motherwell's collection.

O BONNY Baby Livingstone
Gaed out to view the hay ;
And by it cam him Glenlyon,
Staw bonny Baby away.

And first he's taen her silken coat,
And neist her satten gown ;
Syne row'd her in his tartan plaid,
And happ'd her round and roun.'

He's mounted her upon a steed,
And roundly rade away ;
And ne'er loot her look back again
The lee-lang simmer day.

He's carried her o'er yon hich hich hill,
 Intill a Highland glen,
 And there he met his brother John
 Wi' twenty armed men.

And there were cows, and there were ewes,
 And there were kids sae fair;
 But sad and wae was bonny Baby,
 Her heart was fu' o' care.

He's taen her in his arms twa,
 And kist her cheek and chin;
 "I wad gi'e a' my flocks and herds,
 Ae smile frae thee to win."

"A smile frae me ye'se never win;
 I'll ne'er look kind on thee;
 Ye've stown me awa frae a' my kin,
 Frae a' that's dear to me.

"Dundee, kind sir, Dundee, kind sir,
 Tak me to bonny Dundee;
 For ye sall ne'er my favour win
 Till it ance mair I see."

"Dundee, Baby! Dundee, Baby!
 Dundee ye ne'er shall see;
 But I will carry you to Glenlyon,
 Where you my bride shall be.

“Or will ye stay at Achingour,
And eat sweet milk and cheese;
Or gang wi’ me to Glenlyon,
And there we’ll live at our ease?”

“I winna stay at Achingour;
I care neither for milk nor cheese;
Nor gang wi’ thee to Glenlyon;
For there I’ll ne’er find ease.”

Then out it spak his brother John;
“If I were in your place,
I’d send that lady hame again,
For a’ her bonny face.

“Commend me to the lass that’s kind,
Though nae sae gently born;
And, gin her heart I couldna win,
To take her hand I’d scorn.”

“O haud your tongue, my brother John;
Ye wisna what ye say;
For I hae lued that bonny face
This mony a year and day.

“I’ve lued her lang, and lued her weel,
But her love I ne’er could win;
And what I canna fairly gain,
To steal I think nae sin.”

Whan they cam to Glenlyon castle,
 They lighted at the yett ;
 And out they cam, his three sisters,
 Their brother for to greet.

And they have taen her, bonny Baby,
 And led her o'er the green ;
 And ilka lady spak a word,
 But bonny Baby spake nane.

Then out it spak her, bonny Jane,
 The youngest o' the three :
 " O lady, why look ye sae sad ?
 Come tell your grief to me."

" O wharefore should I tell my grief,
 Since lax I canna find ?
 I'm far frae a' my kin and friends,
 And my love I left behind.

" But had I paper, pen, and ink,
 Afore that it were day,
 I yet might get a letter wrate,
 And sent to Johnie Hay.

" And gin I had a bonny boy,
 To help me in my need,
 That he might rin to bonny Dundee,
 And come again wi' speed !"

And they hae gotten a bonny boy
Their errand for to gang;
And bade him run to Bonny Dundee,
And nae to tarry lang.

The boy he ran o'er muir and dale,
As fast as he could flee;
And e'er the sun was twa hours hight,
The boy was at Dundee.

Whan Johnie lookit the letter on,
A hearty laugh leuch he;
But ere he read it till an end,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this, or wha is that,
Has stown my love frae me?
Although he were my ae brither,
An ill dead sall he die.

"Gae, saddle to me the black," he says;
"Gae, saddle to me the brown;
Gae, saddle to me the swiftest steed,
That ever rade frae the town."

He's call'd upon his merry men a',
To follow him to the glen;
And he's vow'd he'd neither eat nor sleep
Till he got his love again.

He's mounted him on a milk-white steed,
 And fast he rade away ;
 And he's come to Glenlyon's yett,
 About the close o' day.

As Baby at her window stood,
 And the west-wind saft did blaw,
 She heard her Johnie's well-kent voice
 Aneath the castle wa'.

"O Baby, haste, the window loup ;
 I'll kep you in my arm ;
 My merry men a' are at the yett
 To rescue you frae harm."

She to the window fix'd her sheets,
 And slipped safely down ;
 And Johnie catched her in his arms,
 Ne'er loot her touch the groun'.

Glenlyon and his brother John
 Were birling in the ha',
 When they heard Johnie's bridle ring
 As fast he rade awa'.

"Rise, Jock ; gang out and meet the priest ;
 I hear his bridle ring ;
 My Baby now shall be my wife,
 Before the laverock sing."

“ O brother, this is nae the priest ;
I fear he'll come o'er late ;
For armed men wi' shining brands
Stand at the castle yett.”

“ Haste, Donald, Duncan, Dugald, Hugh,
Haste, tak your sword and spear ;
We'll gar these traytors rue the hour
That e'er they ventured here.”

The Highlandmen drew their claymores,
And gae a warlike shout ;
But Johnie's merry men kept the yett,
Nae ane durst venture out.

The lovers rade the lee-lang night,
And safe got on their way ;
And Bonny Baby Livingstone
Has gotten Johny Hay.

“ Awa, Glenlyon ! fy for shame !
Gae hide you in some den ;
You've latten your bride be stown frae you,
For a' your armed men.”

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 37. For other versions, see *Bonny May*, Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 159, and Johnson's *Museum*, p. 118; *Broom o' the Cowdenknowes*, Buchan, i. 172; *Laird of Ochiltree*, Kinloch, 160; *Laird of Lochnie*, Kinloch, 167.

O THE broom, and the bonny bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknows !
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bought, milking the ewes.

The hills were high on ilka side,
An' the bought i' the lirk o' the hill,
And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang,
Out o'er the head o' yon hill.

There was a troupe o' gentlemen
Came riding merrilie by,
And one of them has rode out o' the way,
To the bought to the bonny may.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonny lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see."—

"An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?"—

"The night is misty and mirk, fair may,
And I have ridden astray,
And will you be so kind, fair may,
As come out and point my way?"—

"Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out of the bought I dare na come,
For fear 'at ye do me wrang."—

"O winna ye pity me, bonny lass,
O winna ye pity me?
An' winna ye pity my poor steed,
Stands trembling at yon tree?"—

"I wadna pity your poor steed,
Though it were tied to a thorn;
For if ye wad gain my love the night,
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

"For I ken you by your weel-busket hat,
And your merrie twinkling ee,
That ye're the Laird o' the Oakland hills,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."—

"But I am not the Laird o' the Oakland hills,
Ye're far mista'en o' me ;
But I'm ane o' the men about his house,
An' right aft in his companie."—

He's ta'en her by the middle jimp,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
He's lifted her over the fauld-dyke,
And speer'd at her sma' leave.

O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
And streek'd her yellow hair ;
"Now, take ye that, my bonny may,
Of me till you hear mair."—

O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,
An' soon he's o'erta'en his men ;
And ane and a' cried out to him,
"O master, ye've tarry'd lang!"—

"O I hae been east, and I hae been west,
An' I hae been far o'er the knowes,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw
Is i' the bought, milking the ewes."—

She set the cog upon her head,
An' she's gane singing hame ;
"O where hae ye been, my ae daughter ?
Ye hae na been your lane."—

“ O naebody was wi’ me, father,
 O naebody has been wi’ me;
 The night is misty and mirk, father,
 Yee may gang to the door and see.

“ But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
 And an ill deed may he die;
 He bug the bought at the back o’ the knowe,
 And a tod has frighted me.

“ There came a tod to the bought door,
 The like I never saw;
 And ere he had ta’en the lamb he did,
 I had lourd he had ta’en them a’.”—

O whan fifteen weeks was come and gane,
 Fifteen weeks and three,
 That lassie began to look thin and pale,
 An’ to long for his merry-twinkling ee.

It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,
 She was ca’ing out her father’s kye,
 Bye came a troop o’ gentlemen,
 A’ merrilie riding bye.

“ Weel may ye save an’ see, bonny may,
 Weel may ye save and see!
 Weel I wat, ye be a very bonny may,
 But whae’s aught that babe ye are wi’?”—

Never a word could that lassie say,
For never a ane could she blame,
An' never a word could the lassie say,
But "I have a gudeman at hame."—

"Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny may,
Sae loud as I hear you lie ;
For dinna ye mind that misty night
I was i' the bought wi' thee?

"I ken you by your middle sae jimp,
An' your merry-twinkling ee,
That ye're the bonny lass i' the Cowdenknow,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."—

Then he's leapt off his berry-brown steed,
An' he's set that fair may on—
"Ca' out your kye, gude father, yoursell,
For she's never ca' them out again.

"I am the Laird of the Oakland hills,
I hae thirty plows and three ;
An' I hae gotten the bonniest lass
That's in a' the south countrie."

JOHNIE SCOT.

THE edition of this ballad here printed was prepared by Motherwell from three copies obtained from recitation, (*Minstrelsy*, p. 204.) Other versions have been published in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 78, Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 248, and his *Gleanings*, p. 122. The proper names which occur in the course of the piece vary considerably in the different copies. In two of Motherwell's, the hero's designation was Johnie Scot, in a third, Johnie M'Naughton. In one of Buchan's he is styled Love John, in the other, Lang Johnny Moir. In Kinloch's copy, "Buneftan is his name," and he is also called "Jack that little Scot," which seems to have been the title of the ballad in an unpublished collection quoted by Ritson in his *Dissertation on Scottish Song*, p. lxxxi. In like manner, for the King of Aulsberry, (v. 111,) we have the various readings, Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Mulberry, Duke of York, and Duke of Winesberrie, and in the following verse, James the Scottish King, for the King of Spain.

The following passage, illustrative of the feat of arms accomplished by Johnie Scot, was pointed out to Motherwell by Mr. Sharpe :—James Macgill, of Lindores, having killed Sir Robert Balfour, of Denmiln, in a duel, “immediately went up to London in order to procure his pardon, which, it seems, the King (Charles the Second) offered to grant him, upon condition of his fighting an Italian gladiator, or bravo, or, as he was called, a bully, which, it is said, none could be found to do. Accordingly, a large stage was erected for the exhibition before the King and court. Sir James, it is said, stood on the defensive till the bully had spent himself a little; being a taller man than Sir James, in his mighty gasconading and brava-doing, he actually leapt over the knight as if he would swallow him alive; but, in attempting to do this a second time, Sir James ran his sword up through him, and then called out, ‘I have spitted him, let them roast him who will.’ This not only procured his pardon, but he was also knighted on the spot.”—*Small's Account of Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife*, p. 217.

From Buchan's *Lang Johnny Moir*, printed in the Appendix, it will be seen that the title of Little Scot is not to be taken literally, but that the doughty champion was a man of huge stature.

O JOHNIE SCOT 's to the hunting gane,
Unto the woods sae wild;
And Earl Percy's ae daughter
To him goes big wi' child.

O word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the highest towers,
Among the nobles a'.

"If she be wi' child," her father said,
"As woe forbid it be!
I'll put her into a prison strang,
And try the veritie."

"But if she be wi' child," her mother said,
"As woe forbid it be!
I'll put her intill a dungeon dark,
And hunger her till she die."

O Johnie 's called his waiting man,
His name was Germanie:
"It 's thou must to fair England gae,
Bring me that gay ladie.

"And here it is a silken sark,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Bid her come to the merry green wood,
To Johnie her true love."

He rode till he came to Earl Percy's gate,
He tirl'd at the pin:
"O wha is there?" said the proud porter;
"But I daurna let thee in."

It's he rode up, and he rode down,
He rode the castle about,
Until he spied a fair ladie
At a window looking out.

"Here is a silken sark," he said,
"Thy ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
And ye must gae to the merry green woods,
To Johnie Scot thy love."

"The castle it is high, my boy,
And walled round about ;
My feet are in the fetters strong,
And how can I get out ?

"My garters are o' the gude black iron,
And O but they be cold ;
My breast-plate's o' the sturdy steel,
Instead of beaten gold.

"But had I paper, pen, and ink,
Wi' candle at my command,
It's I would write a lang letter
To John in fair Scotland."

Then she has written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi' her hand,
And sent it to the merry green wood,
Wi' her own boy at command.

The first line of the letter Johnie read,
A loud, loud lauch leuch he ;
But he had not read ae line but twa,
Till the saut tears did blind his ee.

“ O I must up to England go,
Whatever me betide,
For to relieve mine own fair ladie,
That lay last by my side.”

Then up and spak Johnie's auld mither,
A weel spoke woman was she :
“ If you do go to England, Johnie,
I may take fareweel o' thee.”

And out and spak his father then,
And he spak well in time :
“ If thou unto fair England go,
I fear ye'll ne'er come hame.”

But out and spak his uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie :
“ Five hundred of my good life-guards
Shall bear him companie.”

When they were all on saddle set,
They were comely to behold ;
The hair that hung owre Johnie's neck shined
Like the links o' yellow gold.

When they were all marching away,
Most pleasant for to see,
There was not so much as a married man
In Johnie's companie.

Johnie Scot himsell was the foremost man
In the company that did ride ;
His uncle was the second man,
Wi' his rapier by his side.

The first gude town that Johnie came to,
He made the bells be rung ;
And when he rode the town all owre,
He made the psalms be sung.

The next gude town that Johnie came to,
He made the drums beat round ;
And the third gude town that he came to,
He made the trumpets sound,
Till King Henry and all his merry men
A-marvelled at the sound.

And when they came to Earl Percy's yates,
They rode them round about ;
And who saw he but his own true love
At a window looking out ?

" O the doors are bolted with iron and steel,
So are the windows about ;

And my feet they are in fetters strong ;
And how can I get out ?

“ My garters they are of the lead,
And O but they be cold ;
My breast-plate's of the hard, hard steel,
Instead of beaten gold.”

But when they came to Earl Percy's yett,
They tirl'd at the pin ;
None was so ready as Earl Percy himsell
To open and let them in.

“ Art thou the King of Aulsberry,
Or art thou the King of Spain ?
Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords,
M'Nachtton be thy name ?”

“ I'm not the King of Aulsberry,
Nor yet the King of Spain ;
But am one of our gay Scots lords,
Johnie Scot I am called by name.”

When Johnie came before the king,
He fell low down on his knee :
“ If Johnie Scot be thy name,” he said,
“ As I trew weel it be,
Then the brawest lady in a' my court
Gaes big wi' child to thee.”

"If she be with child," fair Johnie said,
"As I trew weel she be,
I'll make it heir owre a' my land,
And her my gay ladie."

"But if she be wi' child," her father said,
"As I trew weel she be,
To-morrow again eight o'clock,
High hanged thou shalt be."

Out and spoke Johnie's uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie:
"Before that we see fair Johnie hanged,
We'll a' fight till we die."

"But is there ever an Italian about your court,¹
That will fight duels three?
For before that I be hanged," Johnie said,
"On the Italian's sword I'll die."²

"Say on, say on," said then the king,
"It is weel spoken of thee;
For there is an Italian in my court³
Shall fight you three by three."

O some is to the good green wood,
And some is to the plain,

1, 2, 3 Taillant.

The queen with all her ladies fair,
The king with his merry men,
Either to see fair Johnie flee,
Or else to see him slain.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
Wi' swords o' temper'd steel,
Until the draps o' red, red blood
Ran trinkling down the field.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
They fought right manfullie;
Till they left not alive, in a' the king's court,
A man only but three.

And they begoud at eight of the morn,
And they fought on till three;
When the Italian, like a swallow swift,¹
Owre Johnie's head did flee:

But Johnie being a clever young boy,
He wheeled him round about;
And on the point of Johnie's broad-sword,
The Italian he slew out.²

"A priest, a priest," fair Johnie cried,
"To wed my love and me;"

1, 2 Taillant.

"A clerk, a clerk," her father cried,
"To sum her tocher free."

"I'll hae none of your gold," fair Johnie cried,
"Nor none of your other gear ;
But I will have my own fair bride,
For this day I've won her dear."

He's ta'en his true love by the hand,
He led her up the plain :
"Have you any more of your English dogs
You want for to have slain ?"

He put a little horn to his mouth,
He blew 't baith loud and shill ;
And honour is into Scotland gone,
In spite of England's skill.

He put his little horn to his mouth,
He blew it owre again ;
And aye the sound the horn cryed
Was "Johnie and his men !"

BROWN ADAM.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 159.

"THERE is a copy of this ballad in Mrs. Brown's collection. The editor has seen one, printed on a single sheet. The epithet, "Smith," implies, probably, the surname, not the profession, of the hero, who seems to have been an outlaw. There is, however, in Mrs. Brown's copy, a verse of little merit, here omitted, alluding to the implements of that occupation."

SCOTT.

O WHA wad wish the wind to blaw,
Or the green leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
Than Brown Adam the Smith?

But they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
Frae father and frae mother;
And they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
The flower o' a' his kin;
And he's bigged a bour in gude green-wood
Atween his ladye and him.

It fell upon a summer's day,
Brown Adam he thought lang ;
And, for to hunt some venison,
To green-wood he wald gang.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His bolts and arrows lang ;
And he is to the gude green-wood
As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the brier ;
And he sent it hame to his ladye,
Bade her be of gude cheir.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the thorn ;
And sent it hame to his ladye,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he cam to his lady's bour door
He stude a little forbye,
And there he heard a fou fause knight
Tempting his gay ladye.

For he's ta'en out a gay goud ring,
Had cost him many a poun',
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And this sall be thy own."—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said;
"I trew sae does he me;
I wadna gie Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."—

Out has he ta'en a purse o' gowd,
Was a' fou to the string,
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And a' this sall be thine."—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel" she says;
"I wot sae does he me:
I wadna be your light leman,
For mair than ye could gie."—

Then out he drew his lang bright brand,
And flash'd it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, ladye,
Or thro' ye this sall gang!"—
Then, sighing, says that ladye fair,
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"—

Then in and starts him Brown Adam,
Says—"I'm just at your hand."—
He's gar'd him leave his bonny bow,
He's gar'd him leave his brand,
He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge—
Four fingers o' his right hand.

LIZIE LINDSAY.

COMPLETE copies of this pretty ballad are given in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 102, and in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads*, p. 51. The latter we have printed with the present version, which, though lacking a stanza or two, is better in some respects than either of the others.—Robert Allan has made a song out of this ballad, Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, ii. 100.

“Transmitted to the Editor by Professor SCOTT of Aberdeen, as it was taken down from the recitation of an old woman. It is very popular in the north-east of Scotland, and was familiar to the editor in his early youth; and from the imperfect recollection which he still retains of it, he has corrected the text in two or three unimportant passages.” JAMIESON'S *Popular Ballads*, ii. 149.

“WILL ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,
And dine on fresh cruds and green whey?”

Then out spak Lizie's mother,
A good old lady was she,
"Gin ye say sic a word to my daughter,
I'll gar ye be hanged high."

"Keep weel your daughter frae me, madam ;
Keep weel your daughter frae me ;
I care as little for your daughter,
As ye can care for me."

Then out spak Lizie's ain maiden,
A bonny young lassie was she ;
Says,—“were I the heir to a kingdom,
Awa' wi' young Donald I'd be.”

“O say you sae to me, Nelly ?
And does my Nelly say sae ?
Maun I leave my father and mother,
Awa' wi' young Donald to gae ?”

And Lizie's ta'en till her her stockings,
And Lizie's ta'en till her her shoen ;
And kilted up her green claithing,
And awa' wi' young Donald she's gane.

The road it was lang and weary ;
The braes they were ill to climb ;
Bonny Lizie was weary wi' travelling,
And a fit furdur coudna win.

And sair, O sair did she sigh,
And the saut tear blin'd her e'e ;
" Gin this be the pleasures o' looing,
They never will do wi' me ! "

" Now, haud your tongue, bonny Lizie ;
Ye never shall rue for me ;
Gi'e me but your love for my love,
It is a' that your tocher will be.

" And haud your tongue, bonny Lizie ;
Altho' that the gait seem lang,
And you's ha'e the wale o' good living
Whan to Kincawsen we gang.

" There my father he is an auld cobler,
My mother she is an auld dey ;
And we'll sleep on a bed o' green rashes,
And dine on fresh cruds and green whey."

" You're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
You're welcome hame to me."

" O ca' me nae mair Sir Donald ;
There's a bonny young lady to come ;
Sae ca' me nae mair Sir Donald,
But ae spring Donald your son."

“Ye’re welcome hame, young Donald ;
 Ye’re welcome hame to me ;
 Ye’re welcome hame, young Donald,
 And your bonny young lady wi’ ye.”

She’s made them a bed of green rashes,
 Weel cover’d wi’ hooding o’ grey ;
 Bonny Lizie was weary wi’ travelling,
 And lay till ’twas lang o’ the day.

“The sun looks in o’er the hill-head,
 And the laverock is liltin’ gay ;
 Get up, get up, bonny Lizie,
 You’ve lain till its lang o’ the day.

“You might ha’e been out at the shealin,
 Instead o’ sae lang to lye,
 And up and helping my mother
 To milk baith her gaits and kye.”

Then out spak Lizie Lindsay,
 The tear blindit her eye ;
 “The ladies o’ Edinburgh city
 They neither milk gaits nor kye.”

Then up spak young Sir Donald,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

"For I am the laird o' Kincawsyn,

And you are the lady free ;

And * * * * *

* * * * *

LIZZIE LINDSAY.

“THIS version of *Lizzie Lindsay* is given from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow, and is a faithful transcript of the ballad as it used to be sung in the West of Scotland.” WHITELOW’S *Book of Scottish Ballads*, p. 51.—A very good copy, from Mr. Kinloch’s MS., is printed in Aytoun’s *Ballads of Scotland*, i. 269, (*Donald of the Isles*.)

THERE was a braw ball in Edinburgh
And mony braw ladies were there,
But nae ane at a’ the assembly
Could wi’ Lizzie Lindsay compare.

In cam’ the young laird o’ Kincassie,
An’ a bonnie young laddie was he—
“Will ye lea’ yere ain kintra, Lizzie,
An’ gang to the Hielands wi’ me?”

She turned her roun’ on her heel,
An’ a very loud laughter gaed she—
“I wad like to ken whar I was ganging,
And wha I was gaun to gang wi’.”

"My name is young Donald M'Donald,
My name I will never deny ;
My father he is an auld shepherd,
Sae weel as he can herd the kye !

"My father he is an auld shepherd,
My mother she is an auld dame ;
If ye'll gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Ye's neither want curds nor cream."

"If ye'll call at the Canongate port,
At the Canongate port call on me,
I'll give you a bottle o' sherry,
And bear you companie."

He ca'd at the Canongate port,
At the Canongate port called he ;
She drank wi' him a bottle o' sherry,
And bore him guid companie.

"Will ye go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me ?
If ye'll go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Ye shall not want curds nor green whey."

In there cam' her auld mither,
A jolly auld lady was she—
"I wad like to ken whar she was ganging,
And wha she was gaun to gang wi'."

“ My name is young Donald M'Donald,
My name I will never deny,
My father he is an auld shepherd,
Sae weel as he can herd the kye !

“ O but I would give you ten guineas,
To have her one hour in a room,
To get her fair body a picture
To keep me from thinking long.”

“ O I value not your ten guineas,
As little as you value mine ;
But if that you covet my daughter,
Take her with you, if you do incline.”

“ Pack up my silks and my satins,
And pack up my hose and my shoon,
And likewise my clothes in small bundles,
And away wi' young Donald I'll gang.”

They pack'd up her silks and her satins,
They pack'd up her hose and her shoon,
And likewise her clothes in small bundles,
And away with young Donald she's gane.

When that they cam' to the Hielands,
The braes they were baith lang and stey ;
Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi' ganging—
She had travell'd a lang summer day.

"O are we near hame, Sir Donald,
O are we near hame, I pray?"
"We're no near hame, bonnie Lizzie,
Nor yet the half o' the way."

They cam' to a homely poor cottage,
An auld man was standing by;
"Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
Ye've been sae lang away."

"O call me no more Sir Donald,
But call me young Donald your son;
For I have a bonnie young lady
Behind me for to come in."

"Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,
Come in, come in," said he,
"Although that our cottage be little,
Perhaps the better we'll 'gree."

"O make us a supper, dear mother,
And make it of curds an' green whey;
And make us a bed o' green rushes,
And cover it o'er wi' green hay."

"Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
Why lie ye so long in the day;
Ye might ha'e been helping my mother
To make the curds and green whey."

“ O haud your tongue, Sir Donald,
O haud your tongue I pray ;
I wish I had ne’er left my mother,
I can neither make curds nor whey.”

“ Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
And put on your satins so fine ;
For we maun to be at Kincassie
Before that the clock strikes nine.”

But when they came to Kincassie
The porter was standing by ;—
“ Ye’re welcome home, Sir Donald,
Ye’ve been so long away.”

It’s down then came his auld mither,
With all the keys in her hand,
Saying, “ Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,
All under them’s at your command.”

LIZAE BAILLIE.

FROM Herd's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 50. A longer version, from Buchan's larger collection, is in the Appendix. Mr. Chambers, assuming that the foregoing ballad of *Lizie Lindsay* was originally the same as *Lizie Baillie*, has made out of various copies of both one story in two parts: *The Scottish Ballads*, p. 158. Smith has somewhat altered the language of this ballad: *Scottish Minstrel*, iv. 90.

LIZAE BAILLIE's to Gartartan gane,
To see her sister Jean ;
And there she's met wi' Duncan Græme,
And he's convoy'd her hame.

"My bonny Lizae Baillie,
I'll row ye in my plaidie,
And ye maun gang alang wi' me,
And be a Highland lady."

"I'm sure they wadna ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir ;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir."

"My bonny Lizae Baillie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye ;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,
Your mither weel can want ye."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen,
Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her highland brogues,
To skip amang the heather :

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
Made o' the silk and sattin,
And she's put on a tartan plaid,
To row amang the braken.

She wadna hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady ;
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Græme,
And row her in his plaidie.

She was nae ten miles frae the town,
When she began to weary ;
She aften looked back, and said,
" Farewell to Castlecarry.

" The first place I saw my Duncan Græme,
Was near yon holland bush ;
My father took frae me my rings,
My rings but and my purse.

“ But I wadna gie my Duncan Græme
For a’ my father’s land,
Though it were ten times ten times mair,
And a’ at my command.”

* * * * *

Now wae be to you, loggerheads,
That dwell near Castlecarry,
To let awa’ sic a bonny lass,
A Highlandman to marry.

GLASGOW PEGGY.

FROM recitation, in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 174. Other copies are printed in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 155, (*Donald of the Isles*,) Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 40, (and Chambers's *Popular Rhymes*, p. 27,) Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, iv. 78.

The Lawland lads think they are fine,
But the hieland lads are brisk and gaucy;
And they are awa near Glasgow toun,
To steal awa a bonnie lassie.

"I wad gie my gude brown steed,
And sae wad I my gude grey naigie,
That I war fifty miles frae the toun,
And nane wi' me but my bonnie Peggy."

But up then spak the auld gudman,
And vow but he spak wondrous saucie;—
"Ye may steal awa our cows and ewes,
But ye sanna get our bonnie lassie."

"I have got cows and ewes anew,
I've got gowd and gear already ;
Sae I dinna want your cows nor ewes,
But I will hae your bonnie Peggy."

"I'll follow you oure moss and muir,
I'll follow you oure mountains many,
I'll follow you through frost and snaw,
I'll stay na langer wi' my daddie."

He set her on a gude brown steed,
Himself upon a gude grey naigie ;
They're oure hills, and oure dales,
And he's awa wi' his bonnie Peggy.

As they rade out by Glasgow toun,
And down by the hills o' Achildounie,
There they met the Earl of Hume,
And his auld son, riding bonnie.

Out bespak the Earl of Hume,
And O but he spak wondrous sorry,—
"The bonniest lass about a' Glasgow toun,
This day is awa wi' a hieland laddie."

As they rade bye auld Drymen toun,
The lassies leuch and lookit saucy,
That the bonniest lass they ever saw,
Sud be riding awa wi' a hieland laddie.

They rode on through moss and muir,
And so did they owre mountains many,
Until they cam to yonder glen,
And she's lain doun wi' her hieland laddie.

Gude green hay was Peggy's bed,
And brakens war her blankets bonnie ;
Wi' his tartan plaid aneath her head,
And she's lain doun wi' her hieland laddie.

"There's beds and bowsters in my father's
house,
There's sheets and blankets, and a' thing
ready,
And wadna they be angry wi' me,
To see me lie sae wi' a hieland laddie."

"Tho' there's beds and beddin in your father's
house,
Sheets and blankets and a' made ready,
Yet why sud they be angry wi' thee,
Though I be but a hieland laddie ?

"It's I hae fifty acres of land,
It's a' plow'd and sawn already ;
I am Donald the Lord of Skye,
And why sud na Peggy be call'd a lady ?

"I hae fifty gude milk kye,
A' tied to the staws already ;
I am Donald the Lord of Skye,
And why sud na Peggy be call'd a lady !

" See ye no a' yon castles and tow'rs?
The sun sheens owre them a sae bonnie;
I am Donald the Lord of Skye,
I think I'll mak ye as blythe as onie.

" A' that Peggy left behind
Was a cot-house and a wee kail-yardie;
Now I think she is better by far,
Than tho' she had got a lawland lairdie."

GLENLOGIE.

FIRST published in the fourth volume of Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*. Great liberties, says Motherwell, have been taken with the songs in that work. Other versions are given in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, and in Buchan's larger collection, i. 188, (*Jean o' Bethelnie's Love for Sir G. Gordon.*)

Three score o' nobles rade up the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black
e'e,
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!"

"O hand your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better
than he ;"
"O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be ;
Though Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose
and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum again shun?"¹
"O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and
shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum again shun."²

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas "wash and
go dine;"
'Twas "wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go
dine;"
"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er
shall be mine,
To gar a lady's hasty errand wait till I dine.

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee;"
The first line that he read, a low smile ga'e he,
The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line that he read, he gart the table
flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the
brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a
town;"
But lang ere the horse was drawn and brought
to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

^{1, 2} shun again.

When he cam' to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth
was there ;

Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair ;

"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome,"
said she,

"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenlogie gaed
ben,

But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat
down ;

She turned awa' her head, but the smile was
in her e'e,

"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

JOHN O' HAZELGREEN.

NEITHER the present version of this ballad, (taken from Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 253,) nor that furnished by Kinloch, (*Jock o' Hazelgreen*, p. 206,) is at all satisfactory. Another, much superior in point of taste, but made up from four different copies, is given in Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, p. 319.

Sir W. Scott's song of *Jock o' Hazeldean* was suggested by a single stanza of this ballad, which he had heard as a fragment, thus :

“ ‘ Why weep ye by the tide ladye,
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride ;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen : '
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.”

As I went forth to take the air
Intill an evening clear,
And there I spied a lady fair
Making a heavy bier.
Making a heavy bier, I say,
But and a piteous meen ;
And aye she sigh'd, and said, alas !
For John o' Hazelgreen.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The stars were shining clear ;
When thro' the thickets o' the wood,
A gentleman did appear.
Says, " who has done you the wrong, fair maid,
And left you here alane ;
Or who has kiss'd your lovely lips,
That ye ca' Hazelgreen ? "

" Hold your tongue, kind 'sir," she said,
" And do not banter so ;
How will ye add affliction
Unto a lover's woe ?
For none's done me the wrong," she said,
" Nor left me here alane ;
Nor none has kiss'd my lovely lips,
That I ca' Hazelgreen."

" Why weep ye by the tide, lady ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
How blythe and happy might he be
Gets you to be his bride !
Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,
And him I'll no bemean ;
But when I take my words again,
Whom call ye Hazelgreen ?

" What like a man was Hazelgreen ?
Will ye show him to me ? "
" He is a comely proper youth,
I in my sleep did see ;

Wi' arms tall, and fingers small,—
He's comely to be seen ;
And aye she loot the tears down fall
For John o' Hazelgreen.

" If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,
And go along with me,
I'll wed you to my eldest son,
Make you a lady free."
" It's for to wed your eldest son
I am a maid o'er mean ;
I'll rather stay at home," she says,
" And die for Hazelgreen."

" If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,
And go along with me,
I'll wed you to my second son,
And your weight o' gowd I'll gie."
" It's for to wed your second son
I am a maid o'er mean ;
I'll rather stay at home," she says,
" And die for Hazelgreen."

Then he's taen out a siller comb,
Comb'd down her yellow hair ;
And looked in a diamond bright,
To see if she were fair.
" My girl, ye do all maids surpass
That ever I have seen ;
Cheer up your heart, my lovely lass,
And hate young Hazelgreen."

" Young Hazelgreen he is my love,
And ever mair shall be ;
I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
For a' the gowd ye'll gie."
But aye she sigh'd, and said, alas !
And made a piteous meen ;
And aye she loot the tears down fa',
For John o' Hazelgreen.

He looked high, and lighted low,
Set her upon his horse ;
And they rode on to Edinburgh,
To Edinburgh's own cross.
And when she in that city was,
She look'd like ony queen ;
" 'Tis a pity such a lovely lass
Shou'd love young Hazelgreen."

" Young Hazelgreen, he is my love,
And ever mair shall be ;
I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
For a' the gowd ye'll gie."
And aye she sigh'd, and said, alas !
And made a piteous meen ;
And aye she loot the tears down fa',
For John o' Hazelgreen.

" Now hold your tongue, my well-far'd maid,
Lat a' your mourning be,
And a' endeavours I shall try,

To bring that youth to thee ;
If ye'll tell me where your love stays,
His stile and proper name."
"He's laird o' Taperbank," she says,
"His stile, Young Hazelgreen."

Then he has coft for that lady
A fine silk riding gown ;
Likewise he coft for that lady
A steed, and set her on ;
Wi' menji feathers in her hat,
Silk stockings and siller sheen ;
And they are on to Taperbank,
Seeking young Hazelgreen.

They nimble rode along the way,
And gently spurr'd their horse,
Till they rode on to Hazelgreen,
To Hazelgreen's own close.
Then forth he came, young Hazelgreen,
To welcome his father free ;
"You're welcome here, my father dear,
And a' your companie."

But when he look'd o'er his shoulder,
A light laugh then gae he ;
Says, "If I getna this lady,
It's for her I must die ;
I must confess this is the maid
I ance saw in a dream,

A walking thro' a pleasant shade,
As fair's a cypress queen."

"Now hold your tongue, young Hazelgreen,
Lat a' your folly be ;
If ye be wae for that lady,
She's thrice as wae for thee.
She's thrice as wae for thee, my son ;
As bitter doth complain ;
Well is she worthy o' the rigs
That lie on Hazelgreen."

He's taen her in his arms twa,
Led her thro' bower and ha' ;
"Cheer up your heart, my dearest dear,
Ye're flower out o'er them a'.
This night shall be our wedding e'en,
The morn we'll say, Amen ;
Ye'se never mair hae cause to mourn,—
Ye're lady o' Hazelgreen."

THE FAUSE LOVER.

FROM Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*,
i. 268. The fourth and fifth stanzas are found as a
fragment in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 6, (ed. 1776,) thus :

"False luve, and hae ze played ~~me~~ this,
In the simmer, mid the flowers?
I sall repay ze back again,
In the winter mid the showers.

"Bot again, dear luve, and again, dear luve,
Will ze not turn again?
As ze look to ither women
Shall I to ither men."

Sir Walter Scott, also, as Chambers has pointed out, has, in *Waverley*, put two similar stanzas into the mouth of Davie Gellatley.

"False love, and hast thou played me this,
In summer, among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again,
In winter, amid the showers.

"Unless again, again, my love,
Unless ye turn again,
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men."

A FAIR maid sat in her bower door,
Wringing her lily hands ;
And by it came a sprightly youth,
Fast tripping o'er the strands.

"Where gang ye, young John," she says,
"Sae early in the day?
It gars me think, by your fast trip,
Your journey's far away."

He turn'd about wi' surly look,
And said, "What's that to thee?
I'm gaen to see a lovely maid,
Mair fairer far than ye."

"Now hae ye play'd me this, fause love,
In simmer, mid the flowers?
I sall repay ye back again,
In winter, 'mid the showers.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye not turn again?
For as ye look to ither women,
Shall I to ither men."

"Make your choose o' whom you please,
For I my choice will have ;
I've chosen a maid mair fair than thee,
I never will deceive."

But she's kilt up her claithing fine,
And after him gaed she ;
But aye he said, "ye'll turn back,
Nae farder gang wi' me."

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye never love me again ?
Alas ! for loving you sae well,
And you nae me again."

The first an' town that they came till,
He bought her brooch and ring ;
But aye he bade her turn again,
And gang nae farder wi' him.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye never love me again ?
Alas ! for loving you sae well,
And you nae me again."

The niest an' town that they came till,
His heart it grew mair fain ;
And he was deep in love wi' her,
As she was ower again.

The niest an' town that they came till,
He bought her wedding gown ;
And made her lady o' ha's and bowers,
In bonny Berwick town.

THE GARDENER.

FROM Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 74.
The last stanza but one is found in the preceding ballad. Another copy is given by Buchan, *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 187.

THE gard'ner stands in his bouer door,
Wi' a primrose in his hand,
And bye there cam a leal maiden,
As jimp as a willow wand ;
And bye there cam a leal maiden,
As jimp as a willow wand.

"O ladie can ye fancy me,
For to be my bride ;
Ye'se get a' the flowers in my garden,
To be to you a weed.

"The lily white sall be your smock ;
It becomes your body best ;
Your head sall be buskt wi' gelly-flower,
Wi' the primrose in your breist.

"Your gown sall be the Sweet William;
Your coat the camovine;
Your apron o' the sallads neat,
That taste baith sweet and fine.

"Your hose sall be the brade kail-blade,
That is baith brade and lang;
Narrow, narrow, at the cute,
And brade, brade at the brawn.

"Your gloves sall be the marigold,
All glittering to your hand,
Weel spread owre wi' the blue blaewort,
That grows amang corn-land."

"O fare ye weil, young man," she says,
"Fareweil, and I bid adieu;
Sin ye've provided a weed for me
Amang the simmer flowers,
It's I'se provide anither for you,
Amang the winter-showers:

"The new fawn snaw to be your smock;
It becomes your bodie best;
Your head sall be wrapt wi' the eastern wind,
And the cauld rain on your breist.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL.

"TAKEN down from the recitation of an idiot boy in Wishaw." Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 170.

" I AM gaing awa, Jeanie,
I am gaing awa,
I am gaing ayont the saut seas,
I'm gaing sae far awa."

" What will ye buy to me, Jamie,
What will ye buy to me ? "
" I'll buy to you a silken plaid,
And send it wi' vanitie."

" That's na love at a', Jamie,
That's na love at a' ;
All I want is love for love,
And that's the best ava.

" Whan will ye marry me, Jamie,
Whan will ye marry me ?
Will ye tak me to your countrie,—
Or will ye marry me ? "

"How can I marry thee, Jeanie,
How can I marry thee?
Whan I've a wife and bairns three,—
Twa wad na weill agree."

"Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie,
Wae be to your fause tongue;
Ye promised for to marry me,
And has a wife at hame!

"But if your wife wad dee, Jamie,
And sae your bairns three,
Wad ye tak me to your countrie,—
Or wad ye marry me?

"But sin they're all alive, Jamie,
But sin they're all alive,
We'll tak a glass in ilka hand,
And drink, 'Weill may they thrive.'"

"If my wife wad dee, Jeanie,
And sae my bairns three,
I wad tak ye to my ain countrie,
And married we wad be."

"O an your head war sair, Jamie,
O an your head war sair,
I'd tak the napkin frae my neck,
And tie doun your yellow hair."

"I hae na wife at a', Jeanie,
I hae na wife at a',
I hae neither wife nor bairns three;
I said it to try thee."

"Licht are ye to loup, Jamie,
Licht are ye to loup,
Licht are ye to loup the dyke,
Whan I maun wale a slap."

"Licht am I to loup, Jeanie,
Licht am I to loup;
But the hiest dyke that we come to,
I'll turn and tak you up."

"Blair in Athol is mine, Jeanie,
Blair in Athol is mine;
Bonnie Dunkel is whare I dwell,
And the boats o' Garry's mine."

"Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie,
Huntingtower is mine,
Huntingtower, and bonnie Belford,
And a' Balquhither's mine."

THE RANTIN' LADDIE.

AN imperfect copy of this ballad was printed in Johnson's *Museum*, (p. 474,) contributed, Mr. Stenhouse informs us, by Burns. The present copy is from the *Thistle of Scotland*, p. 7. Another, shorter than either, is given in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 66, *Lord Aboyne*. (Also in Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, iv. 6.)

"AFT hae I playd at cards and dice
For the love o' a bonny rantin' laddie,
But now I maun sit i' my father's kitchen nook,
And sing, 'Hush, balow, my baby.'

"If I had been wise, and had ta'en advice,
And dane as my bonny love bade me,
I would hae been married at Martinmas,
And been wi' my rantin' laddie.

"But I was na wise, I took nae advice,
Did not as my bonny love bade me,
And now I maun sit by mysel' i' the nook,
And rock my bastard baby.

"If I had horse at my command,
As often I had many,
I would ride on to the Castle o' Aboyne,
Wi' a letter to my rantin' laddie."

Down the stair her father came,
And looked proud and saucy ;
"Who is the man, and what is his name,
That ye ca' your rantin' laddie ?

"Is he a lord, or is he a laird,
Or is he but a caddie ?
Or is it the young Earl o' Aboyne,
That ye ca' your rantin' laddie ?"

"He is a young and noble lord,
He never was a caddie ;
It is the noble Earl o' Aboyne
That I ca' my rantin' laddie."

"Ye shall hae a horse at your command,
As ye had often many,
To go to the Castle o' Aboyne,
Wi' a letter to your rantin' laddie."

"Where will I get a little page,
Where will I get a caddie,
That will run quick to bonny Aboyne,
Wi' this letter to my rantin' laddie ?"

Then out spoke the young scullion boy,
Said, "Here am I, a caddie ;
I will run on to bonny Aboyne
Wi' the letter to your rantin' laddie."

"Now when ye come to bonny Deeside,
Where woods are green and bonny,
Then will ye see the Earl o' Aboyne,
Among the bushes mony.

"And when ye come to the lands o' Aboyne,
Where all around is bonny,
Ye'll take your hat into your hand,
Gie this letter to my rantin' laddie."

When he came near the banks of Dee,
The birks were blooming bonny,
And there he saw the Earl o' Aboyne
Among the bushes mony.

"Where are ye going, my bonny boy,
Where are ye going, my caddie ?"
"I am going to the Castle o' Aboyne
Wi' a letter to the rantin' laddie."

"See yonder is the castle there,
My young and handsome caddie,
And I myself am the Earl o' Aboyne,
Tho they ca' me the rantin' laddie."

" O pardon, my lord, if I've done wrong ;
 Forgive a simple caddie ;
O pardon, pardon, Earl o' Aboyne,
 I said but what she bade me."

" Ye've done no wrong, my bonny boy,
 Ye've done no wrong, my caddie ;"
Wi' hat in hand he bowed low,
 Gave the letter to the rantin' laddie.

When young Aboyne looked the letter on,
 O but he blinkit bonny ;
But ere he read four lines on end,
 The tears came trickling mony.

" My father will no pity shew,
 My mother still does slight me,
And a' my friends have turned from me,
 And servants disrespect me."

" Who are they dare be so bold
 To cruelly use my lassie ?
But I'll take her to bonny Aboyne,
 Where oft she did caress me.

" Go raise to me five hundred men,
 Be quick and make them ready ;
Each on a steed, to haste their speed,
 To carry home my lady."

As they rode on thro' Buchanshire,
The company were many,
Wi' a good claymore in every hand,
That glanced wondrous bonny.

When he came to her father's gate
He called for his lady ;
" Come down, come down, my bonny maid,
And speak wi' your rantin' laddie."

When she was set on high horseback,
Row'd in the highland plaidie,
The bird i' the bush sung not so sweet,
As sung this bonny lady.

As they rode on thro' Buchanshire,
He cried, " Each lowland lassie,
Lay your love on some lowland lown,
And soon will he prove fause t' ye.

" But take my advice, and make your choice
Of some young highland laddie,
Wi' bonnet and plaid, whose heart is staid,
And he will not beguile ye."

As they rode on thro' Garioch land,
He rode up in a fury,
And cried, " Fall back each saucy dame,
Let the Countess of Aboyne before ye."

THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER.

Bitson's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 169.

"ALEXANDER, third Earl of Huntly, was succeeded, in 1523, by his grandson Alexander, Lord Gordon, who actually had three daughters. I. Lady Elizabeth, the eldest, married to John, Earl of Athol. II. Lady Margaret, married to John, Lord Forbes. III. Lady Jean, the youngest, married *first*, to James, Earl of Bothwell, from whom she was divorced in 1568; she married, *secondly*, Alexander, Earl of Southerland, who died in 1594; and surviving him, she married, *thirdly*, Captain Alexander Ogilvie, son and successor of Sir Walter Ogilvie of Boym, who died in 1606 without issue." STENHOUSE, *Musical Museum*, iv. 378.

The dukedom of Gordon was not created until 1684, and therefore the first line should probably run as quoted by Burns,—

"The *Lord* of Gordon had three daughters."

The duke of Gordon has three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean;
They would not stay in bonny Castle-Gordon,
But they would go to bonny Aberdeen.

They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

"Go saddle me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the grey;
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day."

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only three,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was Lady Jean.

"Where is your sister, maidens?
Where is your sister, now?
Where is your sister, maidens,
That she is not walking with you?"

"O pardon us, honoured father,
O pardon us," they did say;
"Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she will gae."

When he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he see Captain Ogilvie,
Training up his men.

"O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die;
For taking to my daughter,
Hanged thou shalt be."

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And sent it to the king,
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

"I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,
For no lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery."

Word came to Captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

"If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
This pennance I'll take wi';
If this be bonny Jeany Gordon,
All this I will dree."

Lady Jean had not been married,
Not a year but three,
Till she had a babe in every arm,
Another upon her knee.

"O but I'm weary of wandering!
O but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.

"O but I'm weary of wandering!
O but I think lang!
It sets not the duke of Gordon's daughter,
To follow a single man."

When they came to the Highland hills,
Cold was the frost and snow;
Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,
No farther could she go.

"O wo to the hills and the mountains!
Wo to the wind and the rain!
My feet is sore with going barefoot,
No further am I able to gang.

"Wo to the hills and the mountains!
Wo to the frost and the snow!
My feet is sore with going barefoot,
No farther am I able for to go.

106 THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER.

"O! if I were at the glens of Foudlen,
Where hunting I have been,
I would find the way to bonny Castle-Gordon,
Without either stockings or shoon."

When she came to Castle-Gordon,
And down upon the green,
The porter gave out a loud shout,
"O yonder comes Lady Jean."

"O you are welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
You are dear welcome to me ;
You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,
But away with your Captain Ogilvie."

Now over seas went the captain,
As a soldier under command ;
A message soon followed after,
To come and heir his brother's land.

"Come home, you pretty Captain Ogilvie,
And heir your brother's land ;
Come home, ye pretty Captain Ogilvie,
Be earl of Northumberland."

"O what does this mean ?" says the captain ;
"Where's my brother's children three ?"
"They are dead and buried,
And the lands they are ready for thee."

"Then hoist up your sails, brave captain,
Let's be jovial and free ;
I'll to Northumberland, and heir my estate,
Then my dear Jeany I'll see."

He soon came to Castle-Gordon,
And down upon the green ;
The porter gave out with a loud shout,
"Here comes Captain Ogilvie."

"You're welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
Your fortune's advanced I hear ;
No stranger can come unto my gates,
That I do love so dear."

"Sir, the last time I was at your gates,
You would not let me in ;
I'm come for my wife and children,
No friendship else I claim."

"Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
And drink of the beer and the wine ;
And thou shalt have gold and silver,
To count till the clock strike nine."

"I'll have none of your gold and silver,
Nor none of your white money ;
But I'll have bonny Jeany Gordon ;
And she shall go now with me."

108 THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER.

Then she came tripping down the stair,
With the tear into her eye ;
One babe was at her foot,
Another upon her knee.

“ You're welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
With my young family ;
Mount and go to Northumberland,
There a countess thou shalt be.”

THE LAIRD O'LOGIE.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 181.

AN edition of this ballad was published in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, (i. 54,) and there is styled *The Young Laird of Ochiltree*. Scott recovered the following copy from recitation, which is to be preferred to the other, as agreeing more closely with the real fact, both in the name and the circumstances.

The incident here celebrated occurred in the year 1592. Francis, Earl Bothwell, being then engaged in a wild conspiracy against James VI., succeeded in obtaining some followers even among the king's personal attendants. Among these was a gentleman named Weymis of Logie. Accused of treasonable converse with Bothwell, he confessed to the charge, and was, of course, in danger of expiating his crime by death. But he was rescued through the address and courage of Margaret Twynstoun, a lady of the court, to whom he was attached. It being her duty to wait on the queen the night of Logie's accusation, she left the royal chamber while the king and queen were asleep, passed to the room where he was kept in custody, and ordered the guard to bring the prisoner into the presence of their majesties. She received her lover at the cham-

ber door, commanding the guard to wait there, and conveyed him to a window, from which he escaped by a long cord. This is the story as related in *The History of King James the Sixth*, quoted by Scott.

I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me ;
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird o' young Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,
Carmichael's the keeper o' the key ;
And May Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love of young Logie.

May Margaret sits in the queen's bouir,
Knicking her fingers ane by ane,
Cursing the day that she e'er was born,
Or that she e'er heard o' Logie's name.¹

" Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be ;
For ye maun to the king himsell,
To seek the life o' young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And she has curl'd back her yellow hair,—

¹ This stanza was obtained by Motherwell from recitation.

"If I canna get young Logie's life,
Farewell to Scotland for evermair."

When she came before the king,
She knelit lowly on her knee.
"O what's the matter, May Margaret?
And what need's a' this courtesie?"

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!
And the first boon that I come to crave
Is to grant me the life o' young Logie."

"O na, O na, May Margaret,
Forsooth, and so it mauna be;
For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
Shall not save the life o' young Logie."

But she has stown the king's redding kaim,
Likewise the queen her wedding knife;
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white monie;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he gat free.

When he came to the Tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee;

It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

"Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the shot o' young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell low down upon his knee;
The very first word that the king spake
Was,—“Where's the laird of young Logie?”

Carmichael turn'd him round about,
(I wot the tear blinded his e'e,)—
“There came a token frae your grace
Has ta'en away the laird frae me.”

“Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?
And hast thou play'd me that?” quoth he;
“The morn the Justice Court's to stand,
And Logie's place ye maun supplie.”

Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,
Even as fast as he may drie,—
“O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me!”

May Margaret turn'd her round about,
(I wot a loud laugh laughed she,)—

"The egg is chipp'd, the bird is flown,
Ye'll see nae mair of young Logie."

The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
The tother at the Queen's Ferrie ;
And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
The wanton laird of young Logie.

THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THIS ballad first appeared in print in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (ii. 282,) from which it was adopted into Herd's and Pinkerton's collections, Johnson's *Museum*, and Ritson's *Scottish Songs*. The version here selected, that of Finlay, (*Scottish Ballads*, ii. 39,) is nearly the same, but has two more stanzas, the third and the fourth. Different copies are given in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 360, Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, iii. 90, *The Songs of England and Scotland*, (by Peter Cunningham,) ii. 346, and Sheldon's *Minstrelsy of the English Border*, p. 329, (see our Appendix;) others, which we have not seen, in Mactaggart's *Gallovidian Dictionary*, Chambers's *Scottish Gypsies*, and *The Scot's Magazine* for November, 1817.

There is a popular tradition, possessing, we believe, no foundation in fact, that the incidents of this ballad belong to the history of the noble family of Cassilis. The Lady Jean Hamilton, daughter of the Earl of Waddington, is said to have been constrained to marry a grim Covenanter, John, Earl of Cassilis, though her affections were already engaged to Sir John Faa of

Dunbar. In 1643, several years after their union, when the Countess had given birth to two or three children, her husband being absent from home on a mission to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, Sir John presented himself at Cassilis Castle, attended by a small band of gypsies, and himself disguised as one. The recollection of her early passion proved stronger than the marriage vow, and the lady eloped with her former lover. But before she had got far from home, the Earl happened to return. Learning what had occurred, he set out in pursuit with a considerable body of followers, and, arresting the fugitives, brought them back to his castle, where he hanged Sir John and his companions on a great tree before the gate. The Countess was obliged to witness the execution from a chamber window, and after a short confinement in the castle, was shut up for the rest of her life in a house at Maybole, four miles distant, which had been fitted up for her, with a staircase on which were carved a set of heads representing her lover and his troop.

Unfortunately for the truth of the story, letters are in existence, written by the Earl of Cassilis to the Lady Jean after the date of these events, which prove the subsistence of a high degree of mutual affection and confidence; and Finlay assures us that after a diligent search, he had been able to discern nothing that in the slightest confirmed the popular tale. The whole story is perhaps the malicious invention of an enemy of the house of Cassilis, and as such would not be unparalleled in the history of ballad poetry. See Daune's *Ancient Scottish Melodies*, p. 269, and Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, p. 143.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
And wow but they sang sweetly ;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,
That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her ;
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They coost the glammer o'er her.

" O come with me," says Johnie Faw,
" O come with me, my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

Then she gied them the beer and the wine,
And they gied her the ginger ;
But she gied them a far better thing,
The goud ring aff her finger.

" Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie ;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

" Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
Wi' my good lord beside me ;
But this night I'll lye in a tennant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

"Come to your bed," says Johnie Faw,
O come to your bed, my dearie ;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

"I'll go to bed to my Johnie Faw,
I'll go to bed to my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

"I'll mak a hap to my Johnie Faw,
I'll mak a hap to my dearie ;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And spier'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other replied,
"She's away wi' the gypsie laddie."

"Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and make him ready ;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Altho' we were na bonny ;
And we were a' put down but ane,
For a fair young wanton lady.

LAIRD OF DRUM.

FROM Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 200, obtained from recitation. Another copy is furnished by Buchan, *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 194, which, with some variations, is printed again in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 53.

"This ballad," says Kinloch, was composed on the marriage of Alexander Irvine of Drum to his second wife, Margaret Coutts, a woman of inferior birth and manners, which step gave great offence to his relations. He had previously, in 1643, married Mary, fourth daughter of George, second Marquis of Huntly.

THE Laird o' Drum is a wooing gane,
It was on a morning early,
And he has fawn in wi' a bonnie may
A-shearing at her barley.

"My bonnie may, my weel-faur'd may,
O will ye fancy me, O ;
And gae and be the lady o' Drum,
And lat your shearing abee, O ?"

"It's I canna fancy thee, kind sir,
I winna fancy thee, O,
I winna gae and be Lady o' Drum,
And lat my shearing abee, O.

"But set your love on anither, kind sir,
Set it not on me, O,
For I am not fit to be your bride,
And your hure I'll never be, O.

"My father he is a shepherd mean,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O,
And ye may gae and speir at him,
For I am at his will, O."

Drum is to her father gane,
Keeping his sheep on yon hill, O ;
And he has gotten his consent
That the may was at his will, O.

"But my dochter can neither read nor write,
She was ne'er brought up at scheel, O ;
But weel can she milk cow and ewe,
And mak a kebbuck weel, O.

"She'll win in your barn at bear-seed time,
Cast out your muck at Yule, O,
She'll saddle your steed in time o' need,
And draw aff your boots hersell, O."

"Have not I no clergymen?
Pay I no clergy fee, O?
I'll scheel her as I think fit,
And as I think weel to be, O.

"I'll learn your lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the scheel, O;
She'll neither need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw aff my boots hersell, O.

But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale, O;
And wha will welcome my bonnie bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O."

Drum is to the hielands gane,
For to mak a' ready,
And a' the gentry round about,
Cried, "Yonder's Drum and his lady!

"Peggy Coutts is a very bonnie bride,
And Drum is a wealthy laddie,
But he micht hae chosen a hier match,
Than onie shepherd's lassie."

Then up bespak his brither John,
Says, "Ye've deen us meikle wrang, O;
Ye've married een below our degree,
A lake to a' our kin, O."

-

"Hold your tongue, my brither John,
I have deen you na wrang, O ;
For I've married een to wirk and win,
And ye've married een to spend, O.

"The first time that I had a wife,
She was far abeen my degree, O ;
I durst na come in her presence,
But wi' my hat upo' my knee, O.

"The first wife that I did wed,
She was far abeen my degree, O ;
She wadna hae walk'd to the yetts o' Drum,
But the pearls abeen her bree, O.

"But an she was ador'd for as much gold,
As Peggy's for beautie, O,
She micht walk to the yetts o' Drum,
Amang gueed companie, O."

There war four and twenty gentlemen
Stood at the yetts o' Drum, O ;
There was na ane amang them a'
That welcom'd his lady in, O.

He has tane her by the milk-white hand,
And led her in himsel, O,
And in thro' ha's, and in thro' bouers,—
"And ye're welcome, Lady o' Drum, O."

Thrice he kissed her cherry cheek,
And thrice her cherry chin, O ;
And twenty times her comely mou',—
“ And ye're welcome, Lady o' Drum, O.

“ Ye sall be cook in my kitchen,
Butler in my ha', O ;
Ye sall be lady in my command,
Whan I ride far awa, O.”—

“ But I told ye afore we war wed,
I was owre low for thee, O ;
But now we are wed, and in ae bed laid,
And ye maun be content wi' me, O.

“ For an I war dead, and ye war dead,
And baith in ae grave laid, O,
And ye and I war tane up again,
Wha could distan your moul frae mine, O ?”

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

THE unhappy lady into whose mouth some unknown poet has put this lament, is now ascertained to have been Anne, daughter to Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. Her faithless lover was her cousin, Alexander Erskine, son to the Earl of Mar. Lady Anne is said to have possessed great beauty, and Sir Alexander was reputed the handsomest man of his age. He was first a colonel in the French army, but afterwards engaged in the service of the Covenanters, and came to his death by being blown up, with many other persons of rank, in Douglass Castle, on the 30th of August, 1640. The events which occasioned the ballad seem to have taken place early in the seventeenth century. Of the fate of the lady subsequent to this period nothing is known. See Chambers, *Scottish Ballads*, p. 150, and *The Scots Musical Museum*, (1853,) iv. 203*.

In Brome's comedy of *The Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools*, acted in 1632, occur the two following stanzas. They are, perhaps, a part of the original Lament, which certainly has undergone great alterations in its progress down to our times.

124 LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

"Peace, wayward barne! Oh cease thy moan!
 Thy farre more wayward daddy's gone,
 And never will recalled be,
 By cries of either thee or me:
 For should wee cry
 Until we dye,
 Wee could not scant his cruelty.
 Ballow, ballow, &c.

"He needs might in himselfe foresee
 What thou successively might'st be;
 And could hee then (though me foregoe)
 His infant leave, ere hee did know
 How like the dad
 Would be the lad,
 In time to make fond maydens glad?
 Ballow, ballow, &c."

The first professed edition of this piece is in the Third Part of Watson's *Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems*, p. 79; the next in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, i. 161. Both of these copies have been modernized, but Ramsay's is the better of the two, and equally authentic. We therefore select Ramsay's, and add to it Percy's, which contains three stanzas not found in the others, and preserves somewhat more of the air of antiquity. There is a version extending to fifteen stanzas, arranged in a very different order, in Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 259. Herd, Ritson, &c., have followed Ramsay.

BALOW, my boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep :

If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father bred me great annoy.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou wak'st, then sweetly smile;
 But smile not as thy father did,
 To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;
 For in thine eye his look I see,
 The tempting look that ruin'd me,

Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugar'd words to move,
 His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear
 In time to me did not appear;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth
 That ever kist a woman's mouth;
 Let never any after me
 Submit unto thy courtesey!
 For, if they do, O! cruel thou
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a maiden durst ;
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 Thy love's no mair, thy promise nought.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again !
 From young men's flatt'ry I'd refrain ;
 For now unto my grief I find
 They all are perjur'd and unkind ;
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms ;—
 Witness my babe lies in my arms.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a nurse,
 And lull my young son on my lap :
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild
 Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee ;
 Nor pity her deserved smart,
 Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
 For, too soon trusting latest finds
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftless son has played ;
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
 Perhaps at death ; for who can tell,
 Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low ?

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair ;
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
 Then quickly to him would I make
 My smock, once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding-sheet
 Ah me ! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

From Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 207.

"FROM a copy in the Editor's folio MS., corrected
by another in Allan Ramsay's *Miscellany*."

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe :
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.*

Whan he began to court my luv,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire :
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
 And when thou wakest, sweetly smile :
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !
 But yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
 Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
 Be luvng to thy father still :
 Whaireir he gae, whaireir he ryde,
 My luv with him doth still abyde :
 In weil or wae, whaireir he gae,
 Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline ;
 Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
 And nevir change her for a new :
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For womens banning 's wonderous sair.

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;
 My babe and I 'll together live,
 He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve :
 My babe and I right saft will ly,
 And quite forgeit man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!
I wish all maidens be warned by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how.
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

THESE beautiful verses are thought to be only a part of *Lord Jamie Douglas*, (see the next piece,) in one copy or another of which, according to Motherwell, nearly all of them are to be found. They were first published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (i. 231,) and are here given as they there appear, separate from an explicit story. Although in this condition they must be looked upon as a fragment, still, they are too awkwardly introduced in the ballad above mentioned, and too superior to the rest of the composition, to allow of our believing that they have as yet found their proper connection.

In Johnson's *Museum*, (i. 166,) besides several trifling variations from Ramsay's copy, the fourth is replaced by the following :

When cockle shells turn siller bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
Then shall my love prove true to me.

The third stanza stands thus in a Christmas medley,

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY. 183

quoted by Leyden from a "MS. Cantus of the latter part of the 17th century :"

Hey trolly loly, love is joly,
A whyle whill it is new;
When it is old, it grows full cold,—
Woe worth the love untrue!
Complaynt of Scotland, i. 278.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me!

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me:

134 WALT, WALT, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I'm weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pin'd it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I my sell were dead and gane!
For a maid again I'll never be.

LORD JAMIE DOUGLAS.

FROM the appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. v. An imperfect copy of this ballad was printed in Finlay's collection, vol. ii. p. 4; another, called the *Laird of Blackwood*, in Kinloch's, p. 60. Both of them may be seen at the end of this volume. Chambers has compiled a ballad in four parts from these three versions, another in manuscript, furnished by Kinloch, and the verses just given from Ramsay's *Miscellany*; and Aytoun, more recently, has made up a ballad from two copies obtained from recitation by Kinloch, and called it *The Marchioness of Douglas*. *Ballads of Scotland*, 2d ed. i. 135.

The circumstances which gave rise to the ballad are thus stated by Chambers: "James, second Marquis of Douglas, when aged twenty-four, married at Edinburgh, on the 7th of September, 1670, Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar. This lady is said to have been previously wooed, without success, by a gentleman of the name of Lowrie, who on account of his afterwards marrying Mariotte Weir, heiress of Blackwood, in Lanarkshire, was commonly called, according to the custom of Scotland, the Tutor, and sometimes the Laird, of Blackwood. Lowrie, who seems to have been considerably advanced in life at the time, was chamberlain or factor to the Marquis of Douglas; a circumstance which gave him peculiar facilities for executing an atrocious scheme of vengeance he had projected against the lady. By a train of proceedings somewhat similar to those of

Iago, and in particular, by pretending to have discovered a pair of men's shoes underneath the Marchioness's bed, he completely succeeded in breaking up the affection of the unfortunate couple. Lord Douglas, who, though a man of profligate conduct, had hitherto treated his wife with some degree of politeness, now rendered her life so miserable, that she was obliged to seek refuge with her father. The earl came with a large retinue to carry her off, when, according to the ballad, as well as the tradition of the country, a most affecting scene took place. The Marquis himself was so much overcome by the parting of his wife and child — for she had now borne a son — that he expressed, even in that last hour, a desire of being reconciled to her. But the traitorous Lowrie succeeded in preventing him from doing so, by a well-aimed sarcasm at his weakness. . . . Regarding the ultimate fate of the Marchioness I am altogether ignorant. It is, however, very improbable that any reconciliation ever took place between her and her husband, such as is related in the ballad." *Scottish Ballads*, p. 150.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly by yon burn side,
Where me and my lord was wont to gae.

Hey nonny nonnie, but love is bonnie,
A little while when it is new;
But when love grows auld it grows mair cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

I lean'd my back against an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree ;
But first it bowed, and syne it break,
And sae did my fause luvie to me.

My mother tauld me when I was young,
That young man's love was ill to trow ;
But untill her I would give nae ear,
And alace my ain wand dings me now !

O wherefore need I busk my head ?
O wherefore should I kaim my hair ?
For my good lord has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Gin I had wist or I had kisst
That young man's love was sae ill to win,
I would hae lockt my hert wi' a key o' gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

An I had kent what I ken now,
I'd never crosst the water Tay,
But stayed still at Athole's gates ;—
He would have made me his lady gay.

When lords and lairds cam to this toun,
And gentlemen o' a high degree,
I took my auld son in my arms,
And went to my chamber pleasantlie.

But when lords and lairds come¹ through this
toun,

And gentlemen o' a high degree,
I must sit alane intill the dark,
And the babie on the nurse's knee.

I had a nurse, and she was fair ;
She was a dearly nurse to me ;
She took my gay lord frae my side,
And used him in her companie.

Awa, awa, thou fause Blackwood,
Aye, and an ill death may thou die !
Thou wert the first and occasion last
Of parting my gay lord and me.

When I lay sick, and very sick,
Sick I was and like to die,
A gentleman, a friend of mine,
He came on purpose to visit me ;
But Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear
He was ower lang in chamber with me.

When I was sick, and very sick,
Sick I was and like to die,
I drew me near to my stairhead,
And I heard my ain lord lichtly me.

¹ cam.

"Come down, come down, O Jamie Douglas,
And drink the orange wine with me;
I'll set thee on a chair of gold,
And daut thee kindly on my knee."

"When sea and sand turn far inland,
And mussels grow on ilka tree,
When cockle shells turn siller bells,
I'll drink the orange wine wi' thee."

"What ails you at our youngest son,
That sits upon the nurse's knee?
I'm sure he's never done any harm,
An it's not to his ain nurse and me."

If I had kent what I ken now,
That love it was sae ill to win,
I should ne'er hae wet my cherry cheek
For onie man or woman's son.

When my father came to hear
That my gay lord had forsaken me,
He sent five score of his soldiers bright
To take me safe to my ain countrie.

Up in the mornin' when I arose,
My bonnie palace for to lea',
I whispered in at my lord's window,
But the never a word he would answer me.

"Fare ye weel, then, Jamie Douglas,
I need care as little as ye care for me ;
The Earl of Mar is my father dear,
And I soon will see my ain countrie.

"Ye thought that I was like yoursell,
And loving ilk ane I did see ;
But here I swear by the heavens clear,
I never loved a man but thee."

Slowly, slowly rose I up,
And slowly, slowly I cam down ;
And when he saw me sit in my coach,
He made his drums and trumpets sound.

When I into my coach was set,
My tenants all were with me tane ;
They set them down upon their knees,
And they begg'd me to come back again.

It's "fare ye weel, my bonnie palace ;
And fare ye weel, my children three :
God grant your father may get mair grace,
And love thee better than he has done me."

It's "fare ye weel, my servants all ;
And you, my bonnie children three :
God grant your father grace to be kind
Till I see you safe in my ain countrie.

“But wae be to you, fause Blackwood,
Aye, and ill death may you die!
Ye are the first, and I hope the last,
That put strife between my good lord and
me.”

When I came in through Edinburgh town,
My loving father came to meet me,
With trumpets sounding on every side;
But it was no comfort at all to me:
For no mirth nor music sounds in my ear,
Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.

“Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
And of your weeping pray let abee;
For I’ll send to him a bill of divorce,
And I’ll get as good a lord to thee.”

“Hold your tongue, my father dear,
And of your scoffing pray let abee;
I would rather hae a kiss of my ain lord’s mouth
As all the lords in the north countrie.”

When she came to her father’s land,
The tenants a’ cam her to see;
Never a word she could speak to them,
But the buttons aff her clothes did flee.¹

¹ See *Andrew Lammie*, vol. ii. 191.

"The linnet is a bonnie bird,
And aften flees far frae its nest;
So all the world may plainly see
They're far awa that I love best!"

She looked out at her father's window,
To take a view of the countrie;
Who did she see but Jamie Douglas,
And along with him her children three.

There came a soldier to the gate,
And he did knock right hastilie:
"If Lady Douglas be within,
Bid her come down and speak to me."

"O come away, my lady fair,
Come away, now, alang with me:
For I have hanged fause Blackwood
At the very place where he told the lie."

THE NUTBROWNE MAIDE.

WE owe the preservation of this beautiful old ballad to *Arnold's Chronicle*, of which the earliest edition is thought to have been printed in 1502. In Laneham's account of Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, the *Nut-brown Maid* is mentioned as a book by itself, and there is said to be at Oxford a list of books offered for sale at that place in 1520, among which is the *Not-Broon Mayd*, price one penny; still, the ballad is not known to exist at present in any other ancient form than that of the Chronicle. We have no means of determining the date of the composition, but Percy has justly remarked that it is not probable that an antiquary would have inserted a piece in his historical collections which he knew to be modern. The language is that of the time at which it was printed.

The ballad seems to have been long forgotten, when it was revived in *The Muse's Mercury* for June, 1707, (Percy.) There Prior met with it, and, charmed with its merit, he took the story for the foundation of his *Henry and Emma*. Capel, in 1760, published a collated text from two different editions of the Chronicle,—we suppose that of 1502, and the second, which was printed in 1521, and exhibits some differences. Percy adopted Capel's text with a few alterations, (*Reliques*, ii. 30.) The text of the edition of 1502 has been twice reprinted since Percy's time: in the *Censura*

Literaria, vol. i. p. 15, and by Mr. Wright, in a little black-letter volume, London, 1836. We have adopted Mr. Wright's text, not neglecting to compare it with that of Sir Egerton Brydges.

It will be interesting to compare with this matchless poem a ballad in other languages, which has the same drift; — *Die Lind im Thale*, or *Liebesprobe*, Erk, *Deutscher Liederhort*, p. 1, 3; Uhland, No. 116; Hoffmann, *Schlesische V. L.*, No. 22, *Niederländische V. L.*, No. 26; Haupt and Schmalzer, *V. L. der Wenden*, i. 72 (Hoffmann).

In the sixteenth century a ridiculous attempt was made to supplant the popular ballads in the mouths and affections of the people by turning them into pious parodies. The *Nut-Brown Maid* was treated in this way, and the result may be seen in *The New Notborune Mayd*, printed by the Roxburghe Club, and by the Percy Society, vol. vi.

“BE it right or wrong, these men among
 On women do complaine,
 Affermynge this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vaine
 To love them wele, for never a dele
 They love a man agayne :
 For lete a man do what he can
 Ther favour to attayne,
 Yet yf a newe¹ do them pursue,
 Ther furst trew lover than
 Laboureth for nought, and from her thought
 He is a bannished man.”

¹ to.

"I say not nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayde,
 That womans fayth is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayed :
 But nevertheles, right good witnes
 In this case might be layde,
 That they love trewe, and contynew,—
 Recorde THE NUTBROWNE MAIDE ;
 Whiche from her love, whan her to prove
 He cam to make his mone,
 Wolde not departe, for in her herte
 She lovyd but hym allone."

"Than betwene us lete us discusse
 What was all the manér
 Betwene them too ; we wyl also
 Telle all the¹ peyne and fere
 That she was in ; nowe I begynne,
²See that ye me answe're :
 Wherfore [all] ye that present be,
 I pray you geve an eare.
 I am the knyght, I cum be nyght,
 As secret as I can,
 Sayng ' Alas ! thus stondyth the case,³
 I am a bannisshed man ! ' "

" And I your wylle for to fulfyll
 In this wyl not refuse,

¹ they.² Soe.³ cause.

Trusting to shewe, in wordis fewe,
That men have an ille use,
To ther owne shame, wymen to blame,
And causeles them accuse :
Therfore to you I answere now,
Alle wymen to excuse,
' Myn owne hert dere, with you what chiere ?
I prey you telle anoon :
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you allon.' ”

“ It stondith so : a deed is do
Wherof ¹ moche harme shal growe.
My desteny is for to dey
A shamful dethe, I trowe,
Or ellis to flee,—the ton must be :
None other wey I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlaw,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adew, my owne hert trewe,
None other red I can ;
For I muste to the grene wode goo,
Alone, a bannysshed man.”

“ O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse
That chaungeth as the mone !
My somers day in lusty May
Is derked before the none.

¹ Wherfore.

I here you saye Farwel : nay, nay,
We departe not soo sone.
Why say ye so? Wheder wyl ye goo?
Alas, what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorow and care
Shulde chaunge, yf ye were gon :
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"I can beleve it shal you greve,
And somewhat you distrayne ;
But afterwarde your paynes harde,
Within a day or tweyne,
Shal sone aslake, and ye shal take
Confort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for, to make thought
Your labour were in vayne :
And thus I do, and pray you, too,
As hertely as I can :
For I muste too the grene wode goo,
Alone, a banysshed man."

"Now syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shal be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shal me fynde :
Syth it is so that ye wylly goo,
I wol not leve behynde ;
Shal never be sayd the Nutbrowne Mayd
Was to her love unkind.

Make you redy, for soo am I,
All though it were anoon ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

" Yet I you rede to take good hede
What¹ men wyl thinke and sey ;
Of yonge and olde it shal be told,
That ye be gone away
Your wanton wylle for to fulfyll,
In grene wood you to play ;
And that ye myght from your delyte
Noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me
Be called an ylle woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wodde goo
Alone, a banysshed man."

" Though it be songe of olde and yonge
That I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speke so large
In hurting of my name.
For I wyl prove that feythful love
It is devoyd of shame,
In your distresse and hevynesse,
To parte wyth you the same ;
And sure all thoo that doo not so,

¹ Whan.

Trewe lovers ar they noon ;
But in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"I counsel yow remembre how
It is noo maydens lawe,
Nothing to dought, but to renne out
To wod with an outlawe.
For ye must there in your hande bere
A bowe to bere and drawe,
And as a theef thus must ye lyeve,
Ever in drede and awe ;
By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow ;—
Yet had I lever than
That I had too the grenewod goo
Alone, a banysshyd man."

"I thinke not nay ; but, as ye saye,
It is noo maydens lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To com on fote, to hunte and shote
To gete us mete and store ;
For soo that I your company
May have, I aske noo more ;
From whiche to parte, it makith myn herte
As colde as ony ston :
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

“ For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and binde,
Without pytee hanged to bee,
And waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
What rescous coude ye finde ?
For sothe, I trowe, you and your bowe
Shuld¹ drawe for fere behynde :
And noo merveylye ; for lytel avayle
Were in your councel than ;
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo
Alone, a banysshed man.”

“ Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee
Ful febyl for to fyght ;
Noo womanhed is it indeede,
To bee bolde as a knight.
Yet in suche fere yf that ye were,
Amonge enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde, with bowe in hande,
To greeve them as I myght,
And you to save, as wymen have,
From deth many one :
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.”

“ Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
That ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the depe valeis,
The snowe, the frost, the reyn,

¹ Shul.

The colde, the hete ; for, drye or wete,
We must lodge on the playn ;
And us aboove noon other rove
But a brake bussh or twayne ;
Whiche sone shulde greve you, I beleve,
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had too the grenewode goo
Alone, a banysshyd man."

"Syth I have here been partynere
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your woo
Endure, as reason is ;
Yet am I sure of oo plesure,
And shortly, it is this ;
That where ye bee, mesemeth, perdé,
I coude not fare amysse.
Wythout more speche, I you beseche
That we were soon agone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shel no mete be fore to gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wine ;
Ne shetis clene to lye betwene,
Made of thred and twyne :
Noon other house but levys and bowes
To kever your hed¹and myn.

¹ bed, Wright.

Loo, myn herte swete, this ylle dyet
Shuld make you pale and wan :
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo
Alone, a banysshid man."

" Amonge the wylde dere suche an archier
As men say that ye bee
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plente ;
And watir cleere of the ryvere
Shal be ful swete to me,
Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele
Endure, as ye shall see :
And er we go, a bed or too
I can provide anoon ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

" Loo, yet before, ye must doo more,
Yf ye wyl goo with me,
As cutte your here up by your ere,
Your kirtel by the knee ;
Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstonde
Your enmys, yf nede bee ;
And this same nyght, before daylight,
To woodward wyl I flee ;
And [if] ye wyl all this fulfyller,
Doo it shortely as ye can :
Ellis wil I to the grene wode goo
Alone, a banysshid man."

"I shal as now do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede,¹
To short my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede :
O my swete moder, before all other,
For you have I most drede !
But now, adiew ! I must ensue
Wher fortune duth me leede.
All this make ye ; now lete us flee ;
The day cums² fast upon ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"Nay, nay, not soo ; ye shal not goo ;
And I shal telle you why ;
Your appetyte is to be lyght
Of love, I wele aspie :
For right as ye have sayd to me,
In lyke wyse, hardely,
Ye wolde answer, who so ever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, sone hote, sone colde,
And so is a woman ;
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo
Alone, a banysshid man."

"Yef ye take hede, yt is³ noo nede
Suche wordis to say bee me ;

¹ That, womanhood. ² cum. ³ yet is.

For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayed,
Or I you lovid, perdé.
And though that I of auncestry
A barons doughter bee,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squyer of lowe degree ;
And ever shal, what so befalle,
To dey therfore anoon ;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde
I love but you alone."

" A barons childe to be begyled,
It were a curssed dede !
To be felow with an outlawe,
Almyghty God forbede !
Yet bettyr were the power squyer
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye shal saye another day,
That be [my] wyked dede
Ye were betrayed ; wherfore, good maide,
The best red that I can
Is that I too the greene wode goo
Alone, a banysshed man."

" Whatsoever befalle, I never shal
Of this thing you upbraid ;
But yf ye goo, and leve me soo,
Than have ye me betraied.
Remembre you wele, how that ye dele,
For yf ye, as ye sayde,

Be so unkynde to leve behynd
Your love, the Notbrowne Maide,
Trust me truly, that I shal dey,
Sone after ye be gone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent,
For in the forest now
I have purveid me of a maide,
Whom I love more than you :
Another fayrer than ever ye were,
I dare it wel avowe ;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe.
It were myn ease to lyve in pease ;
So wyl I, yf I can ;
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo
Alone, a banysshid man."

"Though in the wood I undirstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought,
But that I wil be your ;
And she shal fynde me softe and kynde,
And curteis every our,
Glad to fulfyll all that she wylle
Commaunde me, to my power ;
For had ye, loo, an hundred moo,

Yet wolde I be that one.¹
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"Myn oun dere love, I see the prove
That ye be kynde and trewe ;
Of mayde and wyf, in all my lyf,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe ;
For it were ruthe that for your trouth
You shuld have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed : whatsoever I sayd
To you whan I began,
I wyl not too the grene wod goo ;
I am noo banysshyd man."

"Theis tidingis be more glad to me
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure ;
But it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they sheke
The wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele fro me, I wene ;
Then were the case wurs than it was,
And I more woo-begone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

¹ Of them I wolde be one. Percy MS.

"Ye shal not nede further to drede :
I wyl not disparage
You, God defende ! sith you descende
Of so grete a lynage.
Nou understonde, to Westmerlande,
Which is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge,
Be wey of maryage,
I wyl you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can :
Thus have ye wone an erles son,
And not a banysshyd man."

Here may ye see, that wymen be
In love meke, kinde, and stable :
Late never man repreve them than,
Or calle them variable ;
But rather prey God that we may
To them be comfortable,
Whiche somtyme provyth suche as loveth,
Yf they be charitable.
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde
Be meke to them echeon,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

FROM *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 177.
Another copy is in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 134.

"From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is, *True love requited: Or, the Bailiff's daughter of Islington.*"—PERCY.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squires son :
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeaes,
And never his love could see,—
“Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee.”

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffes daughter deare;
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go,
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
“One penny, one penny, kind sir,” she sayd,
“Will ease me of much paine.”

“Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne.”
“At Islington, kind sir,” sayd shee,
“Where I have had many a scorne.”

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"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir long agoe."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also ;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe."

"O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side ;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride."

"O farewell grieve, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore ;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN.

THE copy here given of this favorite popular ballad is derived from *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, Percy Society, xvii. 60. It is there printed from a modern broadside, "carefully collated" with a copy in the Bagford collection. In Percy's edition, (*Reliques*, ii. 171,) besides many trivial emendations, eight modern stanzas (said to be the work of Robert Dodsley) are substituted for the first five of the Beggar's second song, "to remove absurdities and inconsistencies," and to reconcile the story to probability and true history! The copy in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 202, is not very different from the present, and the few changes that have been made in the text selected, unless otherwise accounted for, are adopted from that.

"Pepys, in his diary, 25th June, 1663, speaks of going with Sir William and Lady Batten, and Sir J. Minnes, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall Green, to dinner, 'a fine place;' and adds, 'This very house was built by the Blind Beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sung in ballads; but they say it was only some outhouses of it.'" CHAPPELL, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 159.

THIS song's of a beggar who long 'lost his sight,
And had a fair daughter, most pleasant and bright;
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
And none was so comely as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of complexion most fair,
Yet seeing¹ she was but a beggar his heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessee did say,
"Good father and mother, let me now go away,
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be;"
This suit then was granted to pretty Bessee.

This Bessee, that was of a beauty most bright,
They clad in gray russet, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted she,
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

She went till she came to Stratford-at-Bow,
Then she knew not whither or which way to go;
With tears she lamented her sad destiny,
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the highway;
And at the King's Arms entertained was she,
So fair and well-favoured was pretty Bessee.

¹ And seeing.

She had not been there one month at an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend ;
And every brave gallant that once did her see
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daily her love they extoll'd ;
Her beauty was blazed in every degree,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy ;
She shewed herself courteous, but never too coy,
And at their commandment still she would be,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

Four suitors at once unto her did go,
They craved her favour, but still she said no ;
"I would not have gentlemen marry with me,"—
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessee.

Now one of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night ;
The second, a gentleman of high degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not
small,
Was then the third suitor, and proper withal ;
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessee.

"If that thou wilt marry with me," quoth the knight,
 "I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight ;
 My heart is enthralled in thy fair beauty,
 Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee."

The gentleman said, "Come marry with me,
 In silks and in velvets my Bessee shall be ;
 My heart lies distracted, oh hear me !" quoth he,
 "And grant me thy love, my dear pretty Bessee."

"Let me be thy husband," the merchant did say,
 "Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay ;
 My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
 And I will for ever love pretty Bessee."

Then Bessee she sighed, and thus she did say ;
 "My father and mother I mean to obey ;
 First get their goodwill, and be faithful to me,
 And you shall enjoy your dear pretty Bessee."

To every one of them that answer she made ;
 Therefore unto her they joyfully said,
 "This thing to fulfill we all now agree ;
 But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee ?"

"My father," quoth she, "is soon to be seen ;
 The silly blind beggar of Bednall Green,
 That daily sits begging for charity,
 He is the kind father of pretty Bessee."

"His marks and his token are knowen full well ;
He always is led by a dog and a bell ;
A poor silly old man, God knoweth, is he,
Yet he is the true father of pretty Bessee."

"Nay, nay," quoth the merchant, "thou art not
for me ;"

"She," quoth the innholder, "my wife shall not
be ;"

"I loathe," said the gentleman, "a beggars degree,
Therefore, now farewell, my pretty Bessee."

"Why then," quoth the knight, "happ better or
worse,

I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree ;
Then welcome to me, my dear pretty Bessee.

"With thee to thy father forthwith I will go."

"Nay, forbear," quoth his kinsman, "it must not
be so :

A poor beggars daughter a lady sha'n't be ;
Then take thy adieu of thy pretty Bessee."

As soon then as it was break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessee
away ;

The young men of Rumford, so sick¹ as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.

¹ Percy has *thicks*.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near unto Bednall Green,
And as the knight lighted most courteously,
They fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came presently over the plain,
Or else the knight there for his love had been slain;
The fray being ended, they straightway did see
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessee.

Then bespoke the Blind Beggar, "Altho' I be poor,
Rail not against my child at my own door;
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will drop angels with thee for my girl;

"And then if my gold should better her birth,
And equal the gold you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail you, nor grudge you to see
The Blind Beggars daughter a lady to be.

"But first, I will hear, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop it shall be all you own;"
"With that," they replied, "contented we be;"
"Then heres," quoth the beggar, "for pretty
Bessee."

With that an angel he dropped on the ground,
And dropped, in angels, full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes it proved most plain,
For the gentlemans one, the beggar dropped twain

So that the whole place wherein they did sit
With gold was covered every whit ;
The gentleman having dropt all his store,
Said, " Beggar, your hand hold, for I have no
more.

" Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright ;"
" Then marry my girl," quoth he to the knight ;
" And then," quoth he, " I will throw you down,
An hundred pound more to buy her a gown."

The gentlemen all, who his treasure had seen,
Admired the Beggar of Bednall Green.
And those that had been her suitors before,
Their tender flesh for anger they tore.

Thus was the fair Bessee matched to a knight,
And made a lady in others despite :
A fairer lady there never was seen
Than the Blind Beggars daughter of Bednall
Green.

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
And what fine lords and ladies there prest,
The second part shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure, and wished for delight.

PART II.

Of a blind beggars daughter so bright,¹
 That late was betrothed to a young knight,
 All the whole discourse thereof you did see,²
 But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

It was in a gallant palace most brave,
 Adorned with all the cost they could have,
 This wedding it was kept most sumptuously,
 And all for the love of pretty Bessee.

And all kind of dainties and delicates sweet
 Was brought to their banquet, as it was thought
 meet;
 Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
 Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

The wedding thro' England was spread by report,
 So that a great number thereto did resort,
 Of nobles and gentles of every degree,
 And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then away went this gallant young
 knight,
 His bride followed after, an angel most bright,

¹ This stanza is wrongly placed at the end of the First Part in the copy from which we reprint. In ed. 1723 it does not occur. ² thereof you did, Percy, for, *therefore you may*.

With troops of ladies, the like was ne'er seen,
As went with sweet Bessee of Bednall Green.

This wedding being solemnized then,
With music performed by skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,¹
Each one beholding the beautiful bride.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number begun,
And of the Blind Beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spoke the nobles, "Much marvel have we
This jolly blind beggar we cannot yet see!"
"My lords," quoth the bride, "my father so base
Is loathe with his presence these states to
disgrace."

"The praise of a woman in question to bring,
Before her own face, is a flattering thing;
But we think thy fathers baseness," quoth they,
"Might by thy beauty be clean put away."

They no sooner this pleasant word spoke,
But in comes the beggar in a silken cloak,
A velvet cap and a feather had he,
And now a musician, forsooth, he would be.

¹ gentlemen down at the side.

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And being led in, from catching of harm,
He had a dainty lute under his arm ;
Said, " Please you to hear any music of me,
A song I will give you of pretty Bessee."

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play,
And after a lesson was played two or three,
He strained out this song most delicately :—

*" A beggars daughter did dwell on a green,
Who for her beauty might¹ well be a queen,
A blythe bonny lass, and dainty was she,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.*

*" Her father he had no goods nor no lands,
But begged for a penny all day with his hands,
And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,
Yet still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.*

*" And here if any one do her disdain,
Her father is ready with might and with main,
To prove she is come of noble degree,
Therefore let none flout at my pretty Bessee."*

With that the lords and the company round
With a hearty laughter were ready to swoond ;
At last said the lords, " Full well we may see,
The bride and the bridegroom's beholden to thee."

¹ may.

With that the fair bride all blushing did rise,
With chrystal water all in her bright eyes;
“Pardon my father, brave nobles,” quoth she,
“That through blind affection thus doats upon me.”

“If this be thy father,” the nobles did say,
“Well may he be proud of this happy day,
Yet by his countenance well may we see,
His birth with his fortune could never agree.

“And therefore, blind beggar, we pray thee bewray,
And look that the truth to us¹ thou dost say,
Thy birth and thy parentage what it may be,
E’en for the love thou bearest to pretty Bessee.”

“Then give me leave, ye gentles each one,
A song more to sing and then I’ll begone;
And if that I do not win good report,
Then do not give me one groat for my sport:—

*“When first our king his fame did advance,
And sought his title in delicate France,
In many places great perils past he,
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.*

*“And at those wars went over to fight,
Many a brave duke, a lord, and a knight,
And with them young Monford of courage so free,
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.*

¹ look to us then the truth.

*"And there did young Monford with a blow on
the face*

*Lose both his eyes in a very short space ;
His life had been gone away with his sight,
Had not a young woman gone forth in the night.*

*"Among the slain men,¹ her fancy did move
To search and to seek for her own true love,
Who seeing young Monford there gasping to die,
She saved his life through her charity.*

*"And then all our victuals in beggars attire,
At the hands of good people we then did require ;
At last into England, as now it is seen,
We came, and remained in Bednall Green.*

*"And thus we have lived in Fortune's despyght,
Though poor, yet contented, with humble delight,
And in my old years, a comfort to me,
God sent me a daughter, called pretty Bessee.*

*"And thus, ye nobles, my song I do end,
Hoping by the same no man to offend ;
Full forty long winters thus I have been,
A silly blind beggar of Bednall Green."*

Now when the company every one
Did hear the strange tale he told in his song,
They were amazed, as well as they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessee.

¹ said men.

With that the fair bride they all bid embrace,
Saying, "You are come of an honourable race;
Thy father likewise is of high degree,
And thou art right worthy a lady to be."

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight;
A happy bridegroom was made the young knight,
Who lived in great joy and felicity,
With his fair lady, dear pretty Bessee.

THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN

OR,

THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN.

FROM *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 216. Percy's edition, (iii. 126,) was from a written copy, "containing some improvements, (perhaps modern ones.)" Mr. Kinloch has printed a fragment of this piece in its Scottish dress, as taken down from the recitation of an old woman in Lanark,—*Sweet Willie*, p. 96. Several of the verses in the following are found also in *The Lament of the Border Widow*; see *ante*, iii. 86.

A similar story is found in Swedish and Danish: *Liten Kerstin*, or *Stolts Botelid*, *Stalldräng*, *Svenska Folk-Visor*, ii. 15, 20, Arwidsson, ii. 179: *Stolt Ingeborgs Forklädning*, *Danske Viser*, No. 184.

You beauteous ladies, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffer'd in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir,
But when my good old father died,
Then I was made a young knight's bride.

And then my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower ;
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true love did build for me.

But there came thieves late in the night,
They robb'd my bower, and slew my knight,
And after that my knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

My servants all from me did fly,
In the midst of my extremity,
And left me by myself alone,
With a heart more cold than any stone.

Yet, though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair ;
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From Fair Elise to Sweet William.

And therewithall I cut my hair,
And dress'd myself in man's attire,
My doublet, hose, and beaver hat,
And a golden band about my neck.

With a silver rapier by my side,
 So like a gallant I did ride ;
 The thing that I delighted on,
 It was to be a serving-man.

Thus in my sumptuous man's array
 I bravely rode along the way ;
 And at the last it chanced so,
 That I to the king's court did go.

Then to the king I bow'd full low,
 My love and duty for to show ;
 And so much favour I did crave,
 That I a serving-man's place might have.

"Stand up, brave youth," the king replied,
 "Thy service shall not be denied ;
 But tell me first what thou canst do ;
 Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

"Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
 To wait upon my nobles all ?
 Or wilt thou be taster of my wine,
 To wait on me when I do dine ?

"Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
 To make my bed both soft and fine ?
 Or wilt thou be one of my guard ?
 And I will give thee thy reward."

Sweet William, with a smiling face,
Said to the king, "If't please your grace
To show such favour unto me,
Your chamberlain I fain would be."

The king then did the nobles call,
To ask the counsel of them all ;
Who gave consent Sweet William he
The king's own chamberlain should be.

Now mark what strange thing came to pass :
As the king one day a hunting was,
With all his lords and noble train,
Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company then
With him at home, but an old man ;
And when he saw the house was clear,
He took a lute which he had there :

Upon the lute Sweet William play'd,
And to the same he sung and said,
With a sweet and noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice :

"My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe did afford,
My mother was a lady bright,
My husband was a valiant knight :

" And I myself a lady gay,
Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich array ;
The bravest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.

" I had my music every day,
Harmonious lessons for to play ;
I had my virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on me.

" But now, alas ! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled ;
My former joys are pass'd and gone,
For I am now a serving-man."

At last the king from hunting came,
And presently, upon the same,
He called for this good old man,
And thus to speak the king began :

" What news, what news, old man ? " quoth he ;
" What news hast thou to tell to me ? "
" Brave news," the old man he did say,
" Sweet William is a lady gay."

" If this be true thou tell'st to me
I'll make thee lord of high degree ;
But if thy words do prove a lie,
Thou shall be hang'd up presently."

But when the king the truth had found,
His joys did more and more abound :
According as the old man did say,
Sweet William was a lady gay.

Therefore the king without delay
Put on her glorious rich array,
And upon her head a crown of gold,
Which was most famous to behold.

And then, for fear of further strife,
He took Sweet William for his wife :
The like before was never seen,—
A serving-man to be a queen.

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBER- LAND.

Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 75.

PRESERVED in Thomas Deloney's *History of Jack of Newbery*, whence it was extracted by Ritson. In that extraordinary book, *The Minstrelsy of the English Border*, (p. 201,) Ritson's copy is inserted without acknowledgment, and with a few alterations for the worse. Scottish versions of this ballad are given by Kinloch, (*The Provost's Tochter*, p. 131,) and by Buchan, (*The Betrayed Lady*, ii. 208.) The former of these is printed in our Appendix.

It was a Knight in Scotland born,
 Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Was taken prisoner, and left forlorn,
 Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong,
 Follow, my love, 'come' over the strand,
Where he could not walk nor lye along,
 Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND. 181

And as in sorrow thus he lay,
 Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The Earl [s] sweet daughter walks that way,
 And she is the fair Flower of Northumber-
 land.

And passing by like an angel bright,
 Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The prisoner had of her a sight,
 And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

And aloud to her this knight did cry,
 Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The salt tears standing in his eye,
 And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

"Fair lady," he said, "take pity on me,
 Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And let me not in prison die,
 And you the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair Sir, how should I take pity on thee,
 Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Thou being a foe to our country,
 And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair lady, I am no foe," he said,
 Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"Through thy sweet love here was I stay'd,
 For thee, the fair Flower of Northumberland."

182 FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

"Why shouldst thou come here for love of me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Having wife and children in thy country,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"I swear by the blessed Trinity,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
I have no wife nor children, I,
Nor dwelling at home in merry Scotland.

"If courteously thou wilt set me free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
I vow that I will marry thee,
So soon as I come in fair Scotland.

"Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And sit like a queen in princely bowers,
Were I at home in fair Scotland."

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And got her fathers ring away,
To help this knight into fair Scotland.

Likewise much gold she got by sleight,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And all to help this forlorn knight,
To wend from her father to fair Scotland.

FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND. 183

Two gallant steeds, both good and able,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
She likewise took out of the stable,
To ride with the knight into fair Scotland.

And to the jaylor she sent this ring,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The knight from prison forth 'to' bring,
To wend with her into fair Scotland.

This token set the prisoner free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Who straight went to this fair lady,
To wend with her into fair Scotland.

A gallant steed he did bestride,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And with the lady away did ride,
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"Good Sir, how should I follow you here,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland?"

"The water is rough and wonderful deep,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And on my saddle I shall not keep,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fear not the foard, fair lady," quoth he,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 "For long I cannot stay for thee,
 And thou the fair Flower of Northumber-
 land."

The lady prickt her wanton steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 And over the river swom with speed,
 And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was she,
Follow, my love, come over the strand ;
 "Thus have I done for love of thee,
 And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

Thus rode she all one winters night,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 Till Edenborough they saw in sight,
 The fairest town in all Scotland.

"Now chuse," quoth he, "thou wanton flower,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 'Whether' thou wilt be my paramour,
 Or get thee home to Northumberland.

"For I have wife, and children five,
Follow, my love, come over the strand ;
 In Edenborough they be alive,
 Then get thee home to fair England.

"This favour thou shalt have to boot,
Follow, my love, come over the strand ;
Ile have ' thy ' horse, go thou on foot,
Go, get thee home to Northumberland."

" O false and faithless knight," quoth she,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
" And canst thou deal so bad with me,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland ?

" Dishonour not a ladies name,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
But draw thy sword and end my shame,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

He took her from her stately steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And left her there in extream need,
And she the fair Flower of Northumber-
land.

Then sat she down full heavily,
Follow, my love, come over the strand ;
At length two knights came riding by,
Two gallant knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Saying, " Courteous ' knights,' take pity on me,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

186 FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

"I have offended my father dear,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And by a false knight, who brought me here
From the good Earl of Northumberland."

They took her up behind them then:
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And brought her to her father again,
And he the good Earl of Northumberland.

All you fair maidens be warned by me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Scots never were true, nor never will be;
To lord, nor lady, nor fair England.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

From *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, fl. 82.

"THE scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the Virgo Parathalassia, in his colloquy entitled, *Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo*. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones that were there shown him were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit or sent a present to Our Lady of Walsingham. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

"This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by italics." PERCY.

GENTLE heardsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon ;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone."

Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence,
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

"Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene ;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I ;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
 My clothes and sexe doe differ farr :
 I am a woman, woe is me !
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

*For my beloved, and well-beloved,
 My wayward cruelty could kill :
 And though my teares will nought avail,
 Most dearely I bewail him still.*

*He was the flower of noble wights,
 None ever more sincere colde bee ;
 Of comely mien and shape hee was,
 And tenderly hee loved mee.*

*When thus I saw he loved me well,
 I grewe so proud his paine to see,
 That I, who did not know myselfe,
 Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.*

And grew soe coy and nice to please,
 As women's lookes are often soe,
 He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
 Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes¹
 To see I pittied not his greeffe,

¹ Stanzas 11, 12, 13, have been paraphrased by Goldsmith in his ballad of *Edwin and Emma*.

190 GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age ;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye ;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray :
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Show me the right and ready way.

“ Now goe thy wayes, and God before !
For he must ever guide thee still :
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well ! ”

AS I CAME FROM WALSINGHAM.

FROM *The Garland of Good Will*, as reprinted by the Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 111. Percy's copy was communicated to him by Shenstone, and was retouched by that poet.

"The pilgrimage to Walsingham," remarks the Bishop, "suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, vol. i. p. 226, is a kind of interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.
'Now God you save, you jolly palmer!'
'Welcome, lady gay!
Oft have I sued to thee for love.'
'Oft have I said you nay.'

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.*

* 'Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsingham, and her wenches after.'
Visions of Pierce Plowman, fo. l.

"The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's '*Knight of the Burning Pestle*,' Act ii. sc. ult., and in another old play, called "*Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy*, &c. 4to 1618, Act i."

As I went to Walsingham is quoted in "Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596, sign. L." CHAPPELL.

"As you came from the holy-land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?"

"How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy-land,
That have come, that have gone?"

"She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine,
On the earth, in the air."

"Such a one did I meet, good sir,
With angellike face,
Who like a queen did appear
In her gait, in her grace."

"She hath left me here all alone,
All alone and unknown,

Who sometime lov'd me as her life,
And call'd me her own."

"What's the cause she hath left thee alone,
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her life,
And her joy did thee make?"

"I loved her all my youth,
But now am old, as you see ;
Love liketh not the fallen fruit,
Nor the withered tree.

"For love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past ;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
And in faith never fast.

"For love is a great delight,
And yet a trustless joy ;
He is won with a word of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

"Such is the love of womankind,
Or the word abus'd,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excus'd.

“ But love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning ;
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning.”

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

FROM Richard Johnson's *Crowne-Garland of Goulden Roses*, (1612,) as reprinted by the Percy Society, vi. 45. It is there simply entitled *A Song of a Beggar and a King*. Given in Percy's *Reliques*, i. 202, "corrected by another copy."

This story, and it would appear this very ballad, is alluded to by Shakespeare and others of the dramatists.

Thus, the 13th verse is partly quoted in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. ii. sc. 1 :

" Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."

Again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, (printed in 1598,) A. i. sc. 2.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found.

See also *Henry Fourth*, P. ii. A. v. sc. 3, *Richard Second*, A. v. sc. 3, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. iii. sc. 4,—all these cited by Percy.

In *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 138, is a *rifacimento* of this piece, in a different stanza, but following the story closely and preserving much of the diction. It is also printed in Evans's *Old Ballads*, ii. 361.

196 KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

I READ that once in Affrica
A prince that there did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine.
From natures workes he did incline,
For sure he was not of my minde,
He cared not for women-kind,
But did them all disdain.
But marke what happen'd by the way ;
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in grey,
Which did increase his paine.

The blinded boy that shootes so trim
From heaven downe so high,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye :
Which soone did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
He looketh as he would dye.
“ What sudden change is this,” quoth he,
“ That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie ? ”

Then from his window he did come,
And laid him on his bed ;
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head.

For now he means to crave her love,
 And now he seeks which way to proove
 How he his fancie might remove,
 And not this beggar wed.
 But Cupid had him so in snare,
 That this poore beggar must prepare
 A salve to cure him of his care,
 Or els he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lie,
 He thought for to devise
 How he might have her company,
 That so did maze his eyes.
 "In thee," quoth he, "doth rest my life;
 For surely thou shalt be my wife,
 Or else this hand with bloody knife,
 The gods shall sure suffice."
 Then from his bed he 'soon' arose,
 And to his pallace gate he goes;
 Full little then this beggar knowes
 When she the king espies.¹

"The gods preserve your majesty,"
 The beggars all gan cry;
 "Vouchsafe to give your charity,
 Our childrens food to buy!"
 The king to them his purse did cast,
 And they to part it made great haste;
 This silly woman was the last
 That after them did hye.

¹ espied.

The king he cal'd her back again,
 And unto her he gave his chaine ;
 And said, " With us you shall remain
 Till such time as we dye.

" For thou," quoth he, " shalt be my wife,
 And honoured like the queene ;
 With thee I meane to lead my life,
 As shortly shall be seene :
 Our wedding day shall appointed be,
 And every thing in their degree ;
 Come on," quoth he, " and follow me,
 Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
 What is thy name ?—go on," quoth he.
 " Penelophon, O King !" quoth she ;
 With that she made a lowe courtsey ;
 A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
 Unto the kings palace :
 The king with courteous, comly talke
 This beggar doth embrace.
 The beggar blusheth scarlet read,
 And straight againe as pale as lead,
 But not a word at all she said,
 She was in such amaze.
 At last she spake with trembling voyce,
 And said, " O King, I do rejoyce
 That you will take me for your choice,
 And my degree so base ! "

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded straight
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queene to waight.
And she behavd herself that day
As if she had never walkt the way ;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did wear of late.
The proverb old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins the masse,
Forgets that ever clarke he was ;
He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua,
Through fancie long time fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The beggar for to wed :
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and fain,
Or else he would himself have slaine,
In stories as we read.
Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,
But pittty now thy servant heere,
Lest that it hap to thee this yeare,
As to the king it did.

And thus they lead a quiet life
During their princely raigne,
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers shew us plaine.

200 KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pittiously,
 Their death to them was pain.
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
 To every princes realme.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

FROM *The Garland of Good-Will*, as reprinted by the Percy Society, xxx. 125. Other copies, slightly different, in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 191, and in Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 246.

Percy conjectures that this ballad "took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth." The weight of tradition is decidedly, perhaps entirely, in favor of the hero's having been one of Essex's comrades in the Cadiz expedition, but *which* of his gallant captains achieved the double conquest of the Spanish Lady is by no means satisfactorily determined. Among the candidates put forth are Sir Richard Levison of Trentham, Staffordshire, Sir John Popham of Littlecot, Wilts, Sir Urias Legh of Adlington, Cheshire, and Sir John Bolle of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire. The right of the last to this distinction has been recently warmly contended for, and, as is usual in similar cases, strong circumstantial evidence is urged in his favor. The reader will judge for himself of its probable authenticity.

"On Sir John Bolle's departure from Cadiz," it is said, "the Spanish Lady sent as presents to his

wife a profusion of jewels and other valuables, among which was her portrait drawn in green ; plate, money, and other treasures." Some of these articles are maintained to be still in possession of the family, and also a portrait of Sir John, drawn in 1596, at the age of thirty-six, in which he wears *the* gold chain given him by his enamored prisoner. See *The Times* newspaper of April 30 and May 1, 1846, (the latter article cited in *Notes and Queries*, ix. 573,) and the *Quarterly Review*, Sept. 1846, Art. III. The literary merits of the ballad are also considered in the *Edinburgh Review*, of April, 1846.

Shenstone has essayed in his *Moral Tale of Love and Honour* to bring out "the Spanish Ladye and her Knight in less grovelling accents than the simple guise of ancient record," while Wordsworth, in a more reverential spirit, has taken this noble old romance as the model of his *Armenian Lady's Love*.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,

How she woo'd an English man ?

Garments gay as rich as may be,

Decked with jewels, had she on ;

Of a comely countenance and grace was she,

And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,

In his hands her life did lie ;

Cupid's bands did tie her faster,

By the liking of an eye ;

In his courteous company was all her joy,

To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment

For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,

None to do them injury :
"Alas," then said this lady gay, "full woe is me ;
O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

"O gallant captain, shew some pity

To a lady in distress ;
Leave me not within the city,
For to die in heaviness ;
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison strong remains with thee."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe ?

Thy fair words make me suspect thee ;
Serpents are where flowers grow."
"All the evil I think to thee, most gracious knight,
God grant unto myself the same may fully light!

"Blessed be the time and season,

That you came on Spanish ground ;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found.
With our city, you have won our hearts each one ;
Then to your country bear away that is your own."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady,
Rest you still, and weep no more ;

Of fair lovers there are plenty ;
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find ;
But English men throughout the world are counted
kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard ;
You alone enjoy my heart ;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
And so love is my desert.
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is
prest ;
The wife of every English man is counted blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence ;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou
go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel, 'tis great charges,
As you know, in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thine
own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies
unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers ;
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
"Well in worth I could endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, be contented ;
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife :
I will not falsifie my vow for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"Oh how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend !
Many days of joy God send you !
Of my suit I'll make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave for this offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

"Commend me to thy loving lady ;
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token ;
Grieving that I was so bold.
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For these are fitting for thy wife, and not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defie ;

In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from other company :
But ere my prayers have end, be sure of this,
[To pray] for thee and for thy love I will not
miss.

"Thus farewell, most gentle captain,
And farewell my heart's content !
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent :
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee !"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair lady."

PATIENT GRISSEL.

THE story of Griselda was first told in the *Decamerone*. Boccaccio derived the incidents from Petrarch, and Petrarch seems to have communicated them also to Chaucer, who (in his *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale*) first made known the tale to English readers. The theme was subsequently treated in a great variety of ways.* Two plays upon the subject are known to have been written, one of which (by Dekker, Chettle and Haughton) has been printed by the Shakespeare Society, while the other, an older production of the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, is lost. About the middle of the sixteenth century, (1565,) a *Song of Patient Grissell* is entered in the Stationers' Registers, and a prose history the same year. The earliest edition of the popular prose history as yet recovered, dated 1619, has been reprinted in the third volume of the Percy Society's Publications.

The ballad here given is taken from Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, a collection which was printed some time before 1596. It was circulated after that time, and probably even before the compilation of the *Garland*, as a broadside, in black-letter, and also, with the addition of a prose introduction and conclu-

* For the bibliography see Grässe's *Sagenkreise*, p. 282. The story is also found, says some one, in the Swedish saga of *Hakon Borkenbart*.

sion, as a tract or chap-book. In this last form it is printed in the above-mentioned volume of the Percy Society. The ballad in its proper simplicity is inserted in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 252.

Percy's *Patient Countess* (*Reliques*, i. 310) is extracted from *Albion's England*.

The title in *The Garland of Good Will* is, *Of Patient Grissel and a Noble Marquess. To the tune of the Bride's Good Morrow*. Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 82.

A NOBLE marquess, as he did ride a-hunting,
 Hard by a river side,
 A proper maiden, as she did sit a-spinning,
 His gentle eye espy'd :
 Most fair and lovely, and of comely grace was
 she,
 Although in simple attire ;
 She sang most sweetly, with pleasant voice melodiously,
 Which set the lord's heart on fire.
 The more he lookt, the more he might ;
 Beauty bred his hearts delight,
 And to this damsel he went.
 " God speed," quoth he, " thou famous flower,
 Fair mistress of this homely bower,
 Where love and vertue live with sweet content."

With comely gesture and modest mild behaviour
 She bad him welcome then ;
 She entertain'd him in a friendly manner,

And all his gentlemen.
The noble marquess in his heart felt such flame
Which set his senses all at strife ;
Quoth he, " Fair maiden, shew soon what is thy
name :

I mean to take thee to my wife."
" Grissel is my name," quoth she,
" Far unfit for your degree ;
A silly maiden, and of parents poor."
" Nay, Grissel, thou art rich," he said,
" A vertuous, fair, and comely maid ;
Grant me thy love, and I will ask no more."

At length she consented, and being both contented,
They married were with speed ;
Her country russet was turn'd to silk and velvet,
As to her state agreed :
And when that she was trimly attired in the
same,
Her beauty shin'd most bright,
Far staining every other brave and comely dame
That did appear in sight.¹
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of parents poor,
And twixt her lord and her great strife did raise :
Some said this, and some said that,
Some did call her beggar's brat,
And to her lord they would her oft dispraise.

¹ G. G. W., in her sight.

"O noble marquess," quoth they, "why do you
wrong us,

Thus basely for to wed,
That might have got an honourable lady
Into your princely bed ?

Who will not now your noble issue still deride,
Which shall be hereafter born,
That are of blood so base by the mother's side,
The which will bring them to scorn ?

Put her, therefore, quite away ;
Take to you a lady gay,

Whereby your lineage may renowned be."
Thus every day they seem'd to prate
At malic'd Grissel's good estate,
Who took all this most mild and patiently.

When that the marquess did see that they were
bent thus

Against his faithful wife,
Whom most dearly, tenderly, and intirely
He loved as his life ;
Minding in secret for to prove her patient heart,
Thereby her foes to disgrace ;
Thinking to play a hard discourteous part,
That men might pity her case,—
Great with child this lady was,
And at length it came to pass,
Two lovely children at one birth she had ;
A son and daughter God had sent,
Which did their father well content,

And which did make their mothers heart full
glad.

Great royal feasting was at the childrens christ-
'ning,

And princely triumph made ;
Six weeks together, all nobles that came thither
Were entertain'd and staid.
And when that these pleasant sportings quite were
done,

The marquess a messenger sent
For his young daughter and his pretty smiling son,
Declaring his full intent,
How that the babes must murdered be,
For so the marquess did decree.

"Come, let me have the children," he said :
With that fair Grissel wept full sore,
She wrung her hands, and said no more ;
"My gracious lord must have his will obey'd."

She took the babies from the nursing-ladies,
Between her tender arms ;
She often wishes, with many sorrowful kisses,
That she might help their harms.
"Farewel," quoth she, "my children dear ;
Never shall I see you again ;
'Tis long of me, your sad and woful mother dear,
For whose sake you must be slain.
Had I been born of royal race,
You might have liv'd in happy case ;

But now you must die for my unworthiness.
"Come, messenger of death," quoth she,
"Take my despised babes to thee,
And to their father my complaints express."

He took the children, and to his noble master
He brought them forth with speed ;
Who secretly sent them unto a noble lady,
To be nurst up indeed.
Then to fair Grissel with a heavy heart he goes,
Where she sat mildly all alone ;
A pleasant gesture and a lovely look she shows,
As if grief she had never known.
Quoth he, "My children now are slain ;
What thinks fair Grissel of the same ?
Sweet Grissel, now declare thy mind to me."
"Since you, my lord, are pleas'd with it,
Poor Grissel thinks the action fit ;
Both I and mine at your command will be."

"The nobles murmur, fair Grissel, at thine honour,
And I no joy can have
Till thou be banisht from my court and presence,
As they unjustly crave.
Thou must be stript out of thy stately garments ;
And as thou camest to me,
In homely gray, instead of silk and purest pall,
Now all thy cloathing must be.
My lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore ;

The poorest life must now content thy mind :
A groat to thee I may not give,
Thee to maintain, while I do live ;
'Gainst my Grissel such great foes I find."

When gentle Grissel heard these woful tidings,
The tears stood in her eyes ;
She nothing said, no words of discontentment
Did from her lips arise.
Her velvet gown most patiently she stript off,
Her girdle of silk with the same ;
Her russet gown was brought again with many a
scoff ;
To bear them all, herself [she] did frame.
When she was drest in this array,
And ready was to part away,
" God send long life unto my lord," quoth she ;
"Let no offence be found in this,
To give my lord a parting kiss."
With wat'ry eyes, " Farewel, my dear !" quoth
he.

From stately palace, unto her father's cottage,
Poor Grissel now is gone ;
Full fifteen winters she lived there contented,
No wrong she thought upon ;
And at that time thro' all the land the speeches
went,
The marquess should married be
Unto a noble lady of high descent,

And to the same all parties did agree.
The marquess sent for Grissel fair
The bride's bed-chamber to prepare,
That nothing should therein be found awry ;
The bride was with her brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some ;
And Grissel took all this most patiently.

And in the morning when that they should be
wedded,
Her patience now was try'd ;
Grissel was charged in princely manner
For to attire the bride.
Most willingly she gave consent unto the same ;
The bride in her bravery was drest,
And presently the noble marquess thither came,
With all the ladies at his request.
" Oh Grissel, I would ask of thee
If to this match thou wouldst agree ?
Methinks thy looks are waxed wondrous coy."
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissel she replies the while,
" God send lord marquess many years of joy !"

The marquis was movèd to see his best belovèd
Thus patient in distress ;
He stept unto her, and by the hand he took her ;
These words he did express :
" Thou art the bride, and all the brides I mean to
have ;

These two thy own children be.”
The youthful lady on her knees did blessing
 crave,
The brother as willing as she.
“And you that envy her estate,
Whom I have made my loving mate,
Now blush for shame, and honour vertuous life;
The chronicles of lasting fame
Shall evermore extol the name
Of patient Grissel, my most constant wife.”

THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

FROM Thomas Delcney's *Garland of Good Will*,
as reprinted by the Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 52.
Other copies are in *Old Ballads*, (1723,) i. 181, Rit-
son's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 136, and Percy's *Reliques*, iii.
207,—the last altered by the editor.

In the days of old,
When fair France did flourish,
Stories plainly told
Lovers felt annoy.
The king a daughter had,
Beauteous, fair, and lovely,
Which made her father glad,
She was his only joy.
A prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame,
He woo'd her long, and lo, at last,
Look,¹ what he did require,
She granted his desire,

¹ Took.

Their hearts in one were linked fast.
 Which when her father proved,
 Lord, how he was moved
 And tormented in his mind;
 He sought for to prevent them,
 And to discontent them,—
 Fortune crosses lovers kind.

Whenas these princely twain
 Were thus debarr'd of pleasure,
 Through the king's disdain,
 Which their joys withstood,
 The lady lockt up close
 Her jewels and her treasure,
 Having no remorse
 Of state or royal blood.
 In homely poor array,
 She went from court¹ away,
 To meet her love and heart's delight;
 Who in a forest great
 Had taken up his seat,
 To wait her coming in the night.
 But lo, what sudden danger,
 To this princely stranger,
 Chancèd as he sat alone,
 By outlaws he was robbed,
 And with poinard stabbed,
 Uttering many a dying groan.

¹ to court.

The princess, armed by him,
 And by true desire,
 Wandering all that night,
 Without dread at all,
 Still unknown, she past
 In her strange attire,
 Coming at the last
 Within echo's call.
 "You fair woods," quoth she,
 "Honoured may you be,
 Harboursing my heart's delight,
 Which doth encompass here,
 My joy and only dear,
 My trusty friend, and comely knight.
 Sweet, I come unto thee,
 Sweet, I come to wooe thee,
 That thou may'st not angry be;
 For my long delaying,
 And thy courteous staying,
 Amends for all I make to thee."

Passing thus alone
 Through the silent forest,
 Many a grievous groan
 Sounded in her ear;
 Where she heard a man
 To lament the sorest
 Chance that ever came,
 Forc'd by deadly fear.
 "Farewel, my dear!" quoth he,

" Whom I shall never see,
 For why, my life is at an end ;
 For thy sweet sake I die,
 Through villain's cruelty,
 To shew I am a faithful friend.
 Here lie I a-bleeding,
 While my thoughts are feeding
 On the rarest beauty found ;
 O hard hap that may be,
 Little knows my lady
 My heart-blood lies on the ground ! "

With that he gave a groan
 That did break asunder
 All the tender strings
 Of his gentle heart :
 She, who knew his voice,
 At his tale did wonder ;
 All her former joys
 Did to grief convert.
 Straight she ran to see
 Who this man should be,
 That so like her love did speak ;
 And found, whenas she came,
 Her lovely lord lay slain,
 Smeer'd in blood which life did break.
 Which when that she espied,
 Lord, how sore she cried !
 Her sorrows could not counted be ;
 Her eyes like fountains running,

While she cried out, " My darling,
Would God that I had dy'd for thee ! "

His pale lips, alas !
Twenty times she kisséd,
And his face did wash
With her brinish tears ;
Every bleeding wound
Her fair face bedewed,
Wiping off the blood
With her golden hairs.
[" Speak, my love," quoth she,]¹
" Speak, fair prince, to me ;
One sweet word of comfort give ;
Lift up thy fair eyes,
Listen to my cries,
Think in what great grief I live."
All in vain she sued,
All in vain she wooed,
The prince's life was fled and gone ;
There stood she still mourning
"Till the sun's returning,
And bright day was coming on.

In this great distress
Quoth this royal lady,
" Who can now express
What will become of me ?

¹ from *Old Ballads*, 1728.

To my father's court
Never will I wander,
But some service seek
Where I may placed be."
Whilst she thus made her moan,
Weeping all alone,
In this deep and deadly fear,
A forester all in green,
Most comely to be seen,
Ranging the wood did find her there,
Round beset with sorrow.
"Maid," quoth he, "good morrow.
What hard hap hath brought you here?"
"Harder hap did never
Chance to a maiden ever;
Here lies slain my brother dear.

"Where might I be plac'd,
Gentle forester tell me;
Where might I procure
A service in my need?
Pains I will not spare,
But will do my duty;
Ease me of my care,
Help my extream need."
The forester all amazed
On her beauty gazed,
"Till his heart was set on fire:
"If, fair maid," quoth he,
"You will go with me,

You shall have your heart's desire."
 He brought her to his mother,
 And above all other
 He set forth this maiden's praise:
 Long was his heart inflamed,
 At length her love he gained,
 So fortune did his glory raise.

Thus unknown he matcht
 With the king's fair daughter ;
 Children seven he had,
 Ere she to him was known.
 But when he understood
 She was a royal princess,
 By this means at last
 He shewèd forth her fame :
 He cloath'd his children then
 Not like other men,
 In party colours strange to see ;
 The right side cloth of gold,¹

¹ " This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold, and half frieze, with the following motto :

' Cloth of Gold, do not despise,
 Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frieze;
 Cloth of Frieze, be not too bold,
 Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold.'

See Sir W. Temple's Misc. vol. iii. p. 356." PERCY.

The left side to behold
 Of woollen cloth still framèd he.
 Men thereat did wonder,
 Golden fame did thunder
 This strange deed in every place;
 The king of France came thither¹
 Being pleasant weather,
 In the woods the hart to chase.

The children there did stand,
 As their mother willèd,
 Where the royal king
 Must of force come by;
 Their mother richly clad
 In fair crimson velvet,
 Their father all in gray,
 Most comely to the eye.
 When this famous king,
 Noting every thing,
 Did ask him how he durst be so bold,
 To let his wife to wear,
 And deck his children there,
 In costly robes of pearl and gold,—
 The forester bold replièd,
 And the cause descrièd,
 And to the king he thus did say:
 "Well may they by their mother
 Wear rich gold like other,
 Being by birth a princess gay."

¹ king he coming.

The king upon these words
 More heedfully beheld them,
 Till a crimson blush
 His conceit did cross.
 "The more I look," quoth he,
 Upon thy wife and children,
 The more I call to mind
 My daughter whom I lost."
 "I am that Child," quoth she,
 Falling on her knee ;
 " Pardon me my sovereign liege !"
 The king perceiving this
 His daughter dear did kiss,
 Till joyful tears did stop his speech.
 With his train he turnèd,
 And with her sojournèd ;
 Straight he dubb'd her husband knight ;
 He made him Earl of Flanders,
 One of his chief commanders ;—
 Thus was their sorrow put to flight.

CONSTANCE OF CLEVELAND.

From Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 163.

"THIS romantic ballad, in a somewhat plain and unpretending style, relates incidents that may remind the reader of the old story of Titus and Gisippus, which was told in English verse by Edw. Lewicke, as early as 1562: the ballad is not so ancient by, perhaps, thirty or forty years; and the printed copy that has come down to our day is at least fifty years more recent than the date when we believe the ballad to have been first published. The title the broadside ('Printed for F. Coles, J. W., T. Vere, W. Gilbertson,') bears is, '*Constance of Cleveland: A very excellent Sonnet of the most fair Lady Constance of Cleveland, and her disloyal Knight.*' We conclude that the incidents are mere invention, but *Constance of Rome* is the name of a play, by Drayton, Munday and Hathway, mentioned in Henslowe's Diary under the year 1600, (p. 171.) The tune of *Crimson Velvet* was highly popular in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor."

To the Tune of *Crimson Velvet*.

It was a youthfull knight
Lov'd a gallant lady;
Fair she was and bright,
And of vertues rare:
Herself she did behave
So courteously as may be;
Wedded they were brave;
Joy without compare.
Here began the grief,
Pain without relief:
Her husband soon her love forsook,
To women lewd of mind,
Being bad inclin'd,
He only lent a pleasant look.
The lady she sate weeping,
While that he was keeping
Company with others moe:
Her words, "My love, beleeve not,
Come to me, and grieve not;
Wantons will thee overthrow."

His fair Ladie's words
Nothing he regarded;
Wantonnesse affords
Such delightfull sport.
While they dance and sing,
With great mirth prepared,

She her hands did wring
 In most grievous sort.
 "O what hap had I
 Thus to wail and cry,
 Unrespected every day,
 Living in disdain,
 While that others gain
 All the right I should enjoy!
 I am left forsaken,
 Others they are taken:
 Ah my love! why dost thou so?
 Her flatteries beleeve not,
 Come to me, and grieve not;
 Wantons will thee overthrow."

The Knight with his fair peece
 At length the Lady spied,
 Who did him daily fleece
 Of his wealth and store:
 Secretly she stood,
 While she her fashions tryed,
 With a patient mind,
 While deep the strumpet swore.
 "O Sir Knight, O Sir Knight," quoth she,
 "So dearly I love thee,
 My life doth rest at thy dispose:
 By day, and eke by night,
 For thy sweet delight,
 Thou shalt me in thy arms inclose.
 I am thine for ever;

Still I will persever
True to thee, where ere I go."
"Her flatteries believe not,
Come to me, and grieve not ;
Wantons will thee overthrow."

The vertuous Lady mild
Enters then among them,
Being big with child
As ever she might be :
With distilling tears
She looked then upon them ;
Filled full of fears,
Thus replied she :
" Ah, my love and dear !
Wherefore stay you here,
Refusing me, your loving wife,
For an harlot's sake,
Which each one will take ;
Whose vile deeds provoke much strife ?
Many can accuse her :
O my love, O my love, refuse her !
With thy lady home return.
Her flatteries beleieve not,
Come to me, and grieve not ;
Wantons will thee overthrow."

All in a fury then
The angry Knight up started,
Very furious when
He heard his Ladie's speech.

With many bitter terms
 His wife he ever thwarted,
 Using hard extreams,
 While she did him beseech.
 From her neck so white
 He took away in spite
 Her curious chain of purest gold,
 Her jewels and her rings,
 And all such costly things
 As he about her did behold.
 The harlot in her presence
 He did gently reverence,
 And to her he gave them all :
 He sent away his Lady,
 Full of wo as may be,
 Who in a swoond with grief did fall.

At the Ladie's wrong
 The harlot fleer'd and laughed ;
 Enticements are so strong,
 They overcome the wise.
 The Knight nothing regarded
 To see the Lady scoffed :
 Thus was she rewarded
 For her enterprise.
 The harlot, all this space,
 Did him oft embrace ;
 She flatters him, and thus doth say :
 " For thee Ile dye and live,
 For thee my faith Ile give,
 No wo shall work my love's decay ;

Thou shalt be my treasure,
Thou shalt be my pleasure,
Thou shalt be my heart's delight :
I will be thy darling,
I will be thy worldling,
In despite of fortune's spight."

Thus he did remain
In wastfull great expences,
Till it bred his pain,
And consumed him quite.
When his lands were spent,
Troubled in his sences,
Then he did repent
Of his late lewd life.
For relief he hies,
For relief he flies
To them on whom he spent his gold :
They do him deny,
They do him defie ;
They will not once his face behold.
Being thus distressed,
Being thus oppressed,
In the fields that night he lay ;
Which the harlot knowing,
Through her malice growing,
Sought to take his life away.

A young and proper lad
They had slain in secret

For the gold he had,
 Whom they did convey
 By a ruffian lewd
 To that place directly,
 Where the youthful Knight
 Fast a sleeping lay.
 The bloody dagger than,
 Wherewith they kill'd the man,
 Hard by the Knight he likewise laid,
 Sprinkling him with blood,
 As he thought it good,
 And then no longer there he stayd.
 The Knight, being so abused,
 Was forthwith accused
 For this murder which was done ;
 And he was condemned
 That had not offended ;
 Shamefull death he might not shun.

When the Lady bright
 Understood the matter,
 That her wedded Knight
 Was condemn'd to dye,
 To the King she went
 With all the speed that might be,
 Where she did lament
 Her hard destiny.
 " Noble King ! " quoth she,
 " Pitty take on me,
 And pardon my poor husbands life ;

Else I am undone,
With my little son :
Let mercy mitigate this grief."
" Lady fair, content thee ;
Soon thou wouldst repent thee,
If he should be saved so :
Sore he hath abus'd thee,
Sore he hath misus'd thee ;
Therefore, Lady, let him go."

" O my liege ! " quoth she,
" Grant your gracious favour :
Dear he is to me,
Though he did me wrong."
The King reply'd again,
With a stern behaviour,
" A subject he hath slain,
Dye he shall ere long :
Except thou canst find
Any one so kind,
That will dye and set him free."
" Noble King ! " she said,
" Glad am I apaid ;
That same person will I be.
I will suffer duly,
I will suffer truly,
For my love and husbands sake."
The King thereat amazed,
Though he her beauty praised,
He bad from thence they should her take.

It was the King's command,
 On the morrow after
 She should out of hand
 To the scaffold go :
 Her husband was
 To bear the sword before her ;
 He must eke, alas !
 Give the deadly blow.
 He refus'd the deed ;
 She bid him to proceed,
 With a thousand kisses sweet.
 In this wofull case
 They did both imbrace,
 Which mov'd the ruffians in that place
 Straight for to discover
 This concealed murder ;
 Whereby the lady saved was.
 The harlot then was hanged,
 As she well deserved :
 This did vertue bring to passe.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

From Percy's *Reliques*, i. 210.

THIS is the "song of willow" from which Desdemona sings snatches in the Fourth Act of *Othello*, (Sc. 3.) The portions which occur in Shakespeare are the first stanza, and fragments of the fifth, sixth, and seventh; he also introduces a couplet which does not belong to the ballad as here given.

The Second Part is very likely a separate composition. Songs upon this model or with the same burden were not infrequent. See one in Park's *Heliconia*, Part i. 132, and another in *The Moral Play of Wit and Science*, (Shakespeare Society,) p. 86.

Percy gave this song from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, entitled *A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love*. Another version, differing principally in arrangement, is printed in the above cited publication of the Shakespeare Society, p. 126, from a MS. in the British Museum, "written about the year 1633."

A POORE soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree ;

O willow, willow, willow !

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee.

O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,

Come willow, &c.

"I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"My love she is turned ; untrue she doth prove ;

O willow, &c.

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"O pitty me," cried he, "ye lovers, each one ;

O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble ; she rues not my mone.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c."

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace ;

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones ;

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softened the
stones.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

“ Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove ;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire ; I, to die for her love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

“ O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so
hard !

Sing willow, &c.

My true love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

“ Let love no more boast him in palace or bower ;

O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and fote in an houre.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

“ But what helps complaining ? In vaine I com-
plaine :

O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,

O willow, &c.

He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's *false*
than she.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"The willow wreath weare I, since my love did
fleet;

O willow, &c.

A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!"

PART THE SECOND.

"LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,

O willow, willow, willow!

Against her too cruell, still, still I complaine.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

"O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart,

O willow, &c.

To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart!

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

238 WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

"O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.

A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
O willow, &c.

So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,
O willow, &c.

Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.

'Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most
sweet.'

O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
O willow, &c.

And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, &c.

Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her
name.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,

O willow, &c.

It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;

O willow, &c.

It now brings me anguish; then brought me reliefe.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Farewell, faire false hearted, plaints end with
my breath!

O willow, willow, willow!

Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of
my death.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland."

GREENSLEEVES.

FROM *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, &c., London, 1584, as reprinted in Park's *Heliconia*, vol. ii. p. 23. It is there entitled *A New Courtly Sonet of the Lady Greensleeves. To the new Tune of Greensleeves.*

"The earliest mention of the ballad of *Green Sleeves*, in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, is in September, 1580, when Richard Jones had licensed to him *A New Northern Dittye of the Lady Green Sleeves.*"

"*Green Sleeves*, or *Which nobody can deny*, has been a favorite tune from the time of Elizabeth to the present day, and is still frequently to be heard in the streets of London to songs with the old burden, *Which nobody can deny*. It will also be recognized as the air of *Christmas comes but once a year*, and many another merry ditty." CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 227.

Greensleeves is twice alluded to by Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; Act ii. Sc. 1; Act v. Sc. 5.

ALAS, my love, ye do me wrong

To cast me oft discourteously,

And I have loved you so long,

Delighting in your companie.

Greensleeves was all my joy,

Greensleeves was my delight,

*Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greensleeves.*

I have been readie at your hand
To grant what ever you would crave ;
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good will for to have.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head
That were wrought fine and gallantly ;
I kept thee both at boord and bed,
Which cost my purse well favouredly.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

I bought thee peticotes of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be ;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thy smock of silke, both faire and white,
With gold embrodered gorgeously,
Thy peticote of sendall right,
And this¹ I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
With pearles bedecked sumtuously,—

¹ And thus.

The like no other lasses had,—
And yet thou wouldest not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thy purse, and eke thy gay guilt knives,
Thy pincase, gallant to the eie,—
No better wore the burgesse wives,—
And yet thou wouldest not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
With golde all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thy gown was of the grassie green,
Thy sleeves of satten hanging by,
Which made thee be our harvest queen,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And silver aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde,—
And yet thou wouldest not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride where ever liked thee,

No ladie ever was so brave,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee ;
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

They set thee up, they took thee downe,
They served thee with humilitie ;
Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

For everie morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly,
To cheare thy stomack from all woes,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing
But stil thou hadst it readily ;
Thy musicke still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

And who did pay for all this geare,
That thou didst spend when pleased thee ?

Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdainst to love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Wel, I wil pray to God on hie
That thou my constancie maist see,
And that yet once before I die
Thou will vouchsafe to love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewel, adue !
God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am stil thy lover true ;
Come once againe, and love me !
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE.

THIS exceedingly pretty pastoral, the earliest poem of the kind in the Scottish language, is ascribed in the Bannatyne MS., where it is preserved, to Robert Henryson, who appears to have written in the latter half of the fifteenth century. All that is certainly known of the author is that he was chief schoolmaster of Dunfermline.

Robene and Makyne was first printed by Ramsay in his *Evergreen*, (i. 56,) and afterwards by Lord Hailes, in *Ancient Scottish Poems published from the MS. of George Bannatyne*, (p. 98.) Some freedoms were taken with the text by Ramsay, and one line was altered by Lord Hailes. Our copy is given from Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, (i. 115,) where the manuscript is faithfully adhered to.

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill,
Keipand a flok of fie :
Mirry Makyne said him till,
“ Robene, thow rew on me ;

I haif thé luvit, lowd and still,
Thir yeiris two or thré;
My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,
Doutles bot dreid I dé."

Robene answerit, "Be the rude,
Na thing of lufe I knaw,
Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud;
Lo quhair thay raik on raw.
Quhat hes marrit thé in thy mude,
Makyne, to me thow schaw;
Or quhat is love, or to be lude?
Faine wald I leir that law."

"At luvis lair gife thow will leir,
Tak thair ane A, B, C;
Be kynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
Wyse, hardy, and fré.
Sé that no denger do thé deir,
Quhat dule in dern thow dré;
Preiss thé with pane at all poweir,
Be patient and previe."

Robene answerit her agane:
"I wait nocht quhat is lufe,
Bot I haif mervell in certaine,
Quhat makis thé this wanruffe;
The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
My scheip gois haill aboif,

And we wald play us in this plane,
They wald us bayth reproif."

"Robene, tak tent unto my tail,
And wirk all as I reid,
And thow sall haif my hairt all haill,
Eik and my madinheid.
Sen God sendis bute for baill,
And for murning remeid,
I dern with thé bot gif I daill,
Dowbtles I am bot deid."

"Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde,
And ye will meit me heir;
Perventure my scheip ma gang besyd,
Quhyll we haif liggit full neir:
Bot maugre haif I, and I byd,
Fra they begin to steir;
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd;
Makyne, than mak gud cheir."

"Robene, thou reivis me roiss and rest;
I lue bot thé allone."

"Makyne, adew, the sone gois west,
The day is neirhand gone."

"Robene, in dule I am so drest,
That lufe will be my bone."

"Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,
For leman I lue none."

- " Robene, I stand in sic a style,
I sicht, and that full sair."
" Makyne, I haif bene heir this quyle :
At hame God gif I wair !"
" My hinny, Robene, talk ane quhyle,
Gif thou wilt do na mair."
" Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair."

Robene on his wayis went,
As licht as leif of tré ;
Makyne murnit in her intent,
And trowd him nevir to sé.
Robene brayd attour the bent ;
'Than Makyne cryit on hie,
" Now ma thow sing, for I am schent !
Quhat alis lufe with me ? "

Makyne went hame withouttin fail,
Full werry eftir cowth weip :
Than Robene in a ful fair daill
Assemblit all his scheip.
Be that sum parte of Makyne's ail
Out throw his hairt coud creip ;
He followit hir fast thair till assail,
And till her tuke gude keep.

- " Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing ;

For all my luvè it sall be thyne,
 Withouttin departing.
All haill ! thy harte for till haif myne,
 Is all my cuvating ;
My scheip to morn, quhill houris nyne,
 Will neid of no keping."

" Robene, thou hes hard sounge and say,
 In gestis and storeis auld,
The man that will not quhen he may,
 Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
I pray to Jesu every day,
 Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
That first preissis with thé to play,
 Be firth, forrest, or fawld."

" Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wedder is warme and fair,
And the grene woud rycht neir us by
 To walk attour all quhair :
Thair ma na janglour us espy,
 That is to lufe contrair ;
Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,
 Unsene we ma repair."

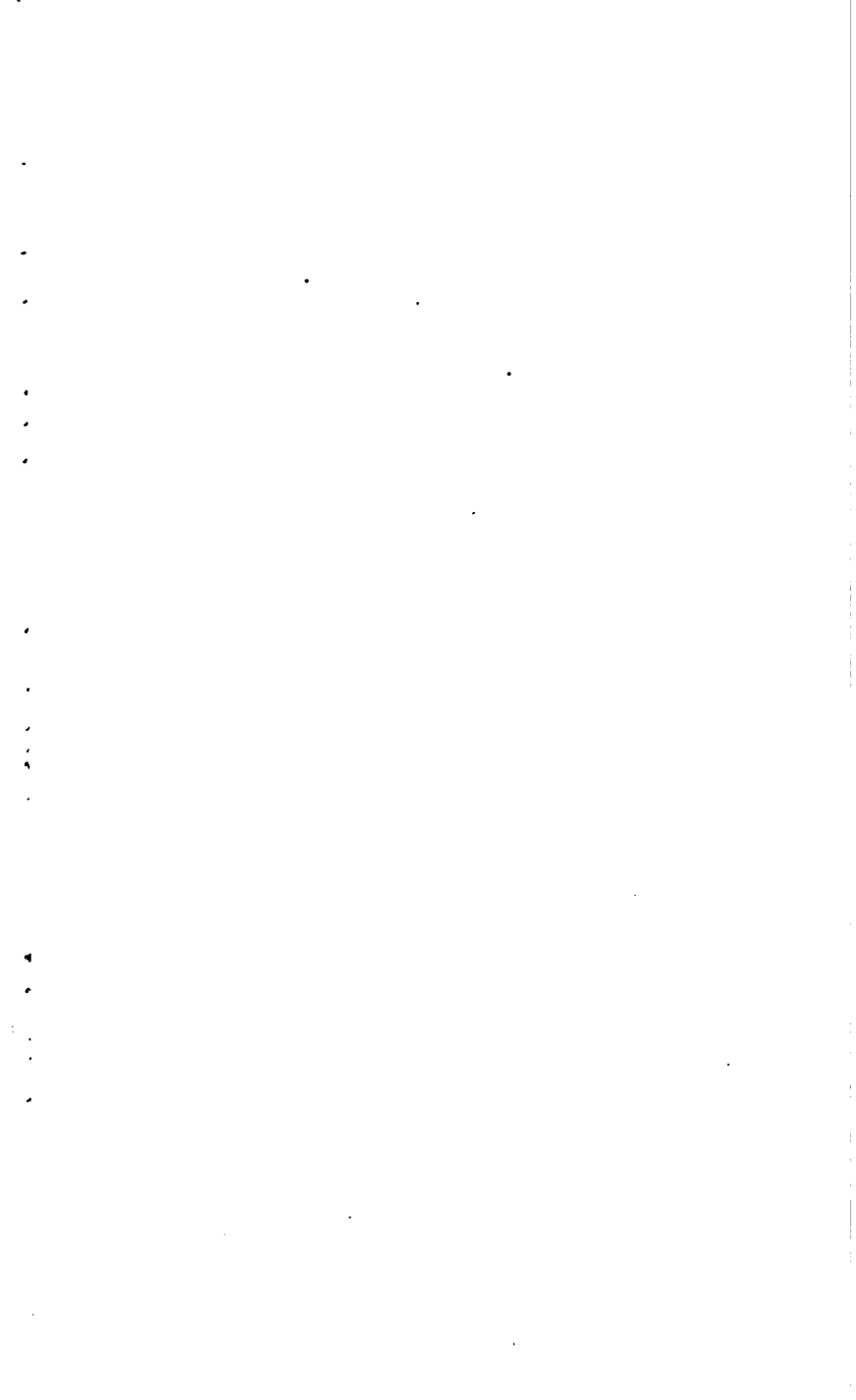
" Robene, that warld is all away,
 And quyt brocht till ane end,
And nevir again thereto, perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend ;

For of my pane thou maide it play,
And all in vane I spend :
As thou hes done, sa sall I say,
Murne on, I think to mend."

"Makyne, the howp of all my heill,
My hairt on thé is sett,
And evir mair to thé be leill,
Quhile I may leif but lett ;
Nevir to faill, as utheris faill,
Quhat grace that evir I gett."
"Robene, with thé I will not deill ;
Adew, for thus we mett."

Makyne went hame blyth anewche,
Attoure the holtis hair ;
Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche ;
Scho sang, he sichit sair :
And so left him, bayth wo and wreuch,
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a huche,
Amang the holtis hair.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX. .

LORD BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE. See p. 1.

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 280.

YOUNG BEICHAN was in London born,
He was a man of hie degree ;
He past thro' monie kingdoms great,
Until he cam unto Grand Turkie.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewed he ;
But unto onie of their stocks
He wadna sae much as bow a knee :

Which made him to be taken straight,
And brought afore their hie jurie ;
The savage Moor did speak upricht,
And made him meikle ill to dree.

In ilka shoulder they've bor'd a hole,
And in ilka hole they've put a tree ;
They've made him to draw carts and wains,
Till he was sick and like to dee.

But young Beichan was a Christian born,
 And still a Christian was he ;
 Which made them put him in prison strang,
 And cauld and hunger sair to dree ;
 And fed on nocht but bread and water,
 Until the day that he mot dee.

In this prison there grew a tree,
 And it was unco stout and strang ;
 Where he was chained by the middle,
 Until his life was almaist gane.

The savage Moor had but ae dochter,
 And her name it was Susie Pye ;
 And ilka day as she took the air,
 The prison door she passed bye.

But it fell ance upon a day,
 As she was walking, she heard him sing ;
 She listen'd to his tale of woe,
 A happy day for young Beichan !

" My hounds they all go masterless,
 My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,
 My youngest brother will heir my lands,
 My native land I'll never see."

" O were I but the prison-keeper,
 As I'm a ladie o' hie degree,
 I soon wad set this youth at large,
 And send him to his ain countrie."

She went away into her chamber,
 All nicht she never clos'd her ee ;

And when the morning begoud to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she.

She gied the keeper a piece of gowd,
And monie pieces o' white monie,
To tak her thro' the bolts and bars ;
The lord frae Scotland she lang'd to see ; -
She saw young Beichan at the stake,
Which made her weep maist bitterlie.

" O hae ye got onie lands," she says,
" Or castles in your ain countrie ?
It's what wad ye gie to the ladie fair
Wha out o' prison wad set you free ? "

" It's I hae houses, and I hae lands,
Wi' monie castles fair to see,
And I wad gie a' to that ladie gay,
Wha out o' prison wad set me free."

The keeper syne brak aff his chains,
And set Lord Beichan at libertie :—
She fill'd his pockets baith wi' gowd,
To tak him till his ain countrie.

She took him frae her father's prison,
And gied to him the best o' wine ;
And a brave health she drank to him ;
" I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine !

" It's seven lang years I'll mak a vow,
And seven lang years I'll keep it true ;
If ye'll wed wi' na ither woman,
It's I will wed na man but you."

She's tane him to her father's port,
 And gien to him a ship o' fame :—
 " Farewell, farewell, my Scottish lord,
 I fear I'll ne'er see you again."

Lord Beichan turn'd him round about,
 And lowly, lowly, loutit he :—
 " Ere seven lang years come to an end,
 I'll tak you to mine ain countrie."

* * * *

Then when he cam to Glasgow.town,
 A happy, happy man was he ;
 The ladies a' around him thrang'd,
 To see him come frae slaverie.

His mother she had died o' sorrow,
 And a' his brothers were dead but he ;
 His lands they a' were lying waste,
 In ruins were his castles free.

Na porter there stood at his yett
 Na human creature he could see,
 Except the screeching owls and bats,
 Had he to bear him companie.

But gowd will gar the castles grow,
 And he had gowd and jewels free ;
 And soon the pages around him thrang'd,
 To serve him on their bended knee.

His hall was hung wi' silk and satin,
 His table rung wi' mirth and glee ;
 He soon forgot the lady fair,
 That lows'd him out o' slaverie.

Lord Beichan courted a lady gay,
 To heir wi' him his lands sae free,
 Ne'er thinking that a lady fair
 Was on her way frae Grand Turkie.

For Susie Pye could get na rest,
 Nor day nor nicht could happy be,
 Still thinking on the Scottish Lord,
 Till she was sick and like to dee.

But she has builded a bonnie ship,
 Weel mann'd wi' seamen o' hie degree;
 And secretly she stept on board,
 And bid adieu to her ain countrie.

But whan she cam to the Scottish shore,
 The bells were ringing sae merrilie;
 It was Lord Beichan's wedding day,
 Wi' a lady fair o' hie degree.

But sic a vessel was never seen;
 The very masts were tapp'd wi' gold;
 Her sails were made o' the satin fine,
 Maist beautiful for to behold.

But whan the lady cam on shore,
 Attended wi' her pages three,
 Her shoon were of the beaten gowd,
 And she a lady of great beautie.

Then to the skipper she did say,
 "Can ye this answer gie to me—
 Where are Lord Beichan's lands sae braid?
 He surely lives in this countrie."

Then up bespak the skipper bold,—
 For he could speak the Turkish tongue,—
 “Lord Beichan lives not far away;
 This is the day of his wedding.”

“If ye will guide me to Beichan’s yetts,
 I will ye well reward,” said she,—
 Then she and all her pages went,
 A very gallant companie.

When she cam to Lord Beichan’s yetts,
 She tirl’d gently at the pin;
 Sae ready was the proud porter
 To let the wedding guests come in.

“Is this Lord Beichan’s house,” she says,
 “Or is that noble lord within?”
 “Yes, he is gane into the hall,
 With his brave bride and monie ane.”

“Ye’ll bid him send me a piece of bread,
 Bot and a cup of his best wine;
 And bid him mind the lady’s love
 That ance did lowse him out o’ pyne.”

Then in and cam the porter bold,—
 I wat he gae three shouts and three,—
 “The fairest lady stands at your yetts
 That ever my twa een did see.”

Then up bespak the bride’s mither,—
 I wat an angry woman was she,—
 “You micht hae excepted our bonnie bride,
 Tho’ she’d been three times as fair as she.”

"My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
And aye the fairer mot she be!
But the fairest time that e'er she was,
She'll na compare wi' this ladie.

"She has a gowd ring on ilka finger,
And on her mid-finger she has three;
She has as meikle gowd upon her head,
As wad buy an earldom o' land to thee.

"My lord, she begs some o' your bread,
Bot and a cup o' your best wine,
And bids you mind the lady's love
That ance did lowse ye out o' pyne."

Then up and started Lord Beichan,—
I wat he made the table flee,—

"I wad gie a' my yearlie rent
"Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea."

Syne up bespak the bride's mother,—
She was never heard to speak sae free,—

"Ye'll no forsake my ae dochter,
Tho' Susie Pye has cross'd the sea?"

"Tak hame, tak hame, your dochter, madam,
For she is ne'er the waur o' me;
She cam to me on horseback riding,
And she sall gang hame in chariot free."

He's tane Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,
And led her thro' his halls sae hie:
"Ye're now Lord Beichan's lawful wife,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me."

Lord Beichan prepar'd for another wedding,
 Wi' baith their hearts sae fu' o' glee;—
 Says, "I'll range na mair in foreign lands,
 Sin Susie Pye has croas'd the sea.

"Fy! gar a' our cooks mak ready;
 And fy! gar a' our pipers play;
 And fy! gar trumpets gae thro' the toun,
 That Lord Beichan's wedded twice in a day!"

SWEET WILLIAM. See p. 29.

"GIVEN from the chanting of an old woman. It has never been before printed." Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 307.

Other versions may be seen in that careless publication of the Percy Society, *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, vol. xvii. p. 57, *Lord William*, and in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 57, *Lord Lundy*.

SWEET WILLIAM's gane over seas,
Some unco lair to learn,
And our gude Bailie's ae dochter
Is awa to learn the same.

In ae braid buik they learned baith,
In ae braid bed they lay;
But when her father cam to know,
He gart her come away.

"It's you must marry that Southland lord,
His lady for to be;
It's ye maun marry that Southland lord,
Or nocht ye'll get frae me."

" I must marry that Southland lord,
 Father, an it be your will ;
But I'd rather it were my burial day,
 My grave for to fill."

She walked up, she walked down,
 Had nane to mak her moan,
Nothing but the pretty bird
 Sat on the causey stone.

" If thou could speak, wee bird," she says,
 " As weel as thou can flee,
I would write a lang letter
 To Will ayont the sea."

" What thou wants wi' Will," it says,
 " Thou'll seal it wi' thy ring ;
Tak a thread o' silk, and anither o' twine,
 And about my neck it hing."

What she wanted wi' Willie
 She sealed it wi' a ring ;
Took a thread o' silk, anither of twine,
 About its neck did hing.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low,
 This bird flew owre the sea,
Until it entered the same chamber
 Wherein was sweet Willie.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low,—
 Poor bird, it was mista'en,—
It loot the letter fa' on Baldie's breast,
 Instead of sweet William.

"Here's a letter, William," he says,
"I'm sure it's not to me ;
And gin the morn gin twelve o'clock
Your love shall married be."

"Come saddle to me my horse," he said,
"The brown and a' that's speedie,
And I'll awa' to Old England,
To bring hame my ladie."

Awa he gade, awa he rade,
Awa wi' meikle speed ;
He lichtit at every twa miles' end,
Lichtit and changed his steed.

When she entered the church style,
The tear was in her e'e ;
But when she entered the church door,
A blythe sight did she see.

"O hold your hand, you minister,
Hold it a little wee,
Till I speak wi' the bonnie bride,
For she's a friend to me.

"Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,
Stand off a little wee ;
Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,
For the bride shall join wi' me."

Up and spak the bride's father,
And an angry man was he,—
"If I had pistol, powther and lead,
And all at my command,

It's I would shoot thee stiff and dead,
In the place where thou dost stand."

Up and spoke then sweet William,
And a blithe blink from his e'e :
"If ye ne'er be shot till I shoot you,
Ye'ee ne'er be shot for me.

"Come out, come out, my foremost man,
And lift my lady on ;
Commend me all to my goodmother,
At night when you gang home."

YOUNG CHILD DYRING. See p. 29.

Translated from the *Kjæmpeviser*, in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 325.

It was the young Child Dyring,

Wi' his mither rede did he :

" I will me out ride

Sir Magnus's bride to see."

His leave the page takes to-day from his master.

" Will thou thee out ride,

Sir Magnus's bride to see ?

Sae beg I thee by Almighty God

Thou speed thee home to me."

His leave, &c.

Syne answer'd young Child Dyrè ;

He rode the bride to meet ;

The silk but and the black sendell

Hang down to his horse feet.

His leave, &c.

All rode they there, the bride-folk,

On row sae fair to see,

Excepting Sir Svend Dyrè,

And far about rode he.

His leave, &c.

It was the young Child Dyrè rode
Alone along the strand ;
The bridle was of the red gold
That glitter'd in his hand.
His leave, &c.

'Twas then proud Lady Ellensborg,
And under weed smil'd she ;
" And who is he, that noble child
That rides sae bold and free ? "
His leave, &c

Syne up and spak the maiden fair
Was next unto the bride ;
" It is the young Child Dyrè
That stately steed does ride."
His leave, &c.

" And is't the young Child Dyrè
That rides sae bold and free ?
God wot, he's dearer that rides that steed
Nor a' the lave to me ! "
His leave, &c.

All rode they there, the bridal train,
Each rode his steed to stall ;
All but Child Dyrè, that look'd whare he
Should find his seat in the hall.
His leave, &c.

" Sit whare ye list, my lordings ;
For me, whate'er betide,
Here I shall sickerly sit the day,
To hald the sun frae the bride."
His leave, &c.

Then up spak the bride's father,
And an angry man was he ;
" Whaever sits by my dochter the day,
Ye better awa' wad be."

His leave, &c.

" It's I have intill Paris been,
And well my drift can spell ;
And ay, whatever I have to say,
I tell it best my sell."

His leave, &c.

" Sooth thou hast intill Paris lear'd
A worthless drift to spell,
And ay, whatever thou hast to say,
A rogue's tale thou must tell."

His leave, &c.

Ben stept he, young Child Dyrè,
Nor reck'd he wha might chide ;
And he has ta'en a chair in hand,
And set him by the bride.

His leave, &c.

"Twas lang i' the night ; the bride-folk
Ilk ane look'd for his bed ;
And young Child Dyrè amang the lave
Speer'd whare he should be laid.

His leave, &c.

" Without, afore the stair steps,
Or laigh on the cawsway stane,
And there may lye Sir Dyrè,
For ither bed we've nane."

His leave, &c.

'Twas aye intill the evening;
 The bride to bed maun ga;
 And out went he, Child Dyring,
 To rouse his menyie a'.

His leave, &c.

"Now busk and d'on your harness,
 But and your brynies blae,
 And boldly to the bride-bower
 Full merrily we'll gae."

His leave, &c.

Sae follow'd they to the bride-bower
 That bride sae young and bright,
 And forward stept Child Dyrè,
 And quenched the marriage light.

His leave, &c.

The cresset they've lit up again,
 But and the taper clear,
 And followed to the bride-bower
 That bride without a peer.

His leave, &c.

* * * * *

And up Child Dyrè snatch'd the bride,
 All in his mantle blae,
 And swung her all so lightly
 Upon his ambler gray.

His leave, &c.

They lock'd the bower, they lit the torch,
 'Twas hurry-scurry a',
 While merrily ay the lovers gay
 Rode roundly to the shaw.

His leave, &c.

In Rosen-wood they turn'd about
To pray their bridal prayer ;
" Good night and joy, Sir Magnus !
For us ye'll see nae mair."

His leave, &c.

Sae rode he to the green wood,
And o'er the meadow green,
Till he came to his mither's bower,
Ere folks to bed were gane.

His leave, &c.

Out came proud Lady Metelild,
In menevair sae free ;
She welcom'd him, Child Dyring,
And his young bride him wi'.

His leave, &c.

Now joys attend Child Dyring,
Sae leal but and sae bold ;
He's ta'en her to his ain castell,
His bride-ale there to hold.

His leave the page takes to-day frae his master.

BARBARA LIVINGSTON. See p. 38.

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 304, from recitation.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY ladies fair
Were playing at the ba',
And out cam Barbara Livingston,
The flower amang them a'.

Out cam Barbara Livingston,
The flower amang them a';—
The lusty Laird of Linlyon¹
Has stoun her clean awa'.

"The hielands is no for me, kind sir,
The hielands is no for me;
But if you would my favour win,
Ye 'll tak me to Dundee."

"The hielands 'll be for thee, my dear,
The hielands will be for thee;
To the lusty Laird o' Linlyon
A-married ye shall be."

¹ Mr. Jamieson has "Glenlyon," which is probably the right name. M.

When they cam to Linlyon's yetts,
And lichtit on the green,
Every ane spak Earse to her,—
The tears cam trickling down.

When they went to bed at nicht,
To Linlyon she did say,
"Och and alace! a weary nicht,
Oh! but it's lang till day."

"Your father's steed 's in my stable,
He 's eating corn and hay,
And you 're lying in my twa arms;
What need you lang for day?"

"If I had paper, pen, and ink,
And candle for to see,
I would write a lang letter
To my love in Dundee."

They brocht her paper, pen, and ink,
And candle for to see,
And she did write a lang letter
To her love in Dundee.

When he cam to Linlyon's yetts,
And lichtit on the green;
But lang or he wan up the stair
His love was dead and gane.

Woe be to thee, Linlyon,
An ill death may thou die!
Thou might hae ta'en anither woman,
And let my lady be.

LANG JOHNNY MOIR. See p. 50.

From Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, 1. 248.

THERE lives a man in Rynie's land,
Anither in Auchindore ;
The bravest lad amo' them a',
Was lang Johnny Moir.

Young Johnny was an airy blade,
Fu' sturdy, stout, and strang ;
The sword that hang by Johnny's side,
Was just full ten feet lang.

Young Johnny was a clever youth,
Fu' sturdy, stout, and wight ;
Just full three yards around the waist,
And fourteen feet in hight.

But if a' be true they tell me now,
And a' be true I hear,
Young Johnny's on to Lundan gane,
The king's banner to bear.

He hadna been in fair Lundan
But twalmonths twa or three,
Till the fairest lady in a' Lundan
Fell in love wi' young Johnny.

This news did sound thro' Lundan town,
Till it came to the king,
That the muckle Scot had fa'in in love
Wi' his daughter, Lady Jean.

When the king got word o' that,
A solemn oath sware he ;
" This weighty Scott sall strait a rope,
And hanged he shall be."

When Johnny heard the sentence past,
A light laugh then gae he ;
" While I hae strength to yield my blade,
Ye darena a' hang me."

The English dogs were cunning rogues ;
About him they did creep,
And ga'e him draps o' lodomy
That laid him fast asleep.

Whan Johnny waken'd frae his sleep,
A sorry heart had he ;
His jaws and hands in iron bands,
His feet in fetters three.

" O whar will I get a little wee boy
Will work for meat and fee,
That will rin on to my uncle,
At the foot of Benachie ?"

" Here am I, a little wee boy,
Will work for meat and fee,
That will rin on to your uncle,
At the foot of Benachie."

"Whan ye come whar grass grows green,
Slack your shoes and rin ;
And whan ye come whar water's strong,
Ye'll bend your bow and swim.

"And whan ye come to Benachie,
Ye'll neither chap nor ca' ;
Sae well's ye'll ken auld Johnny there,
Three feet abeen them a'.

"Ye'll gie to him this braid letter,
Seal'd wi' my faith and troth ;
And ye'll bid him bring along wi' him
The body, Jock o' Noth."

"Whan he came whar grass grew green,
He slack't his shoes and ran ;
And whan he came whar water's strong,
He bent his bow and swam.

And whan he came to Benachie,
Did neither chap nor ca' ;
Sae well's he kent auld Johnny there,
Three feet abeen them a'.

"What news, what news, my little wee boy ?
Ye never were here before ;"
"Nae news, nae news, but a letter from
Your nephew, Johnny Moir.

"Ye'll take here this braid letter,
Seal'd wi' his faith and troth ;
And ye're bidden bring along wi' you
The body, Jock o' Noth."

Benachie lyes very low,
 The tap o' Noth lyes high ;
 For a' the distance that's between,
 He heard auld Johnny cry.

Whan on the plain these champions met,
 Twa grizly ghosts to see,
 There were three feet between her brows,
 And shoulders were yards three.

These men they ran ower hills and dales,
 And ower mountains high ;
 Till they came on to Lundan town,
 At the dawn o' the third day.

And whan they came to Lundan town,
 The yetts were lockit wi' bands ;
 And wha were there but a trumpeter,
 Wi' trumpet in his hands.

" What is the matter, ye keepers all,
 Or what's the matter within,
 That the drums do beat, and bells do ring,
 And make sic dolefu' din ? "

" There's naething the matter," the keeper said,
 " There's naething the matter to thee ;
 But a weighty Scot to strait the rope,
 And the morn he maun die."

" O open the yetts, ye proud keepers,
 Ye'll open without delay ; "
 The trembling keeper smiling said,
 " O I hae not the key."

"Ye'll open the yetts, ye proud keepers,
Ye'll open without delay;
Or here is a body at my back
Frae Scotland hae brought the key."

"Ye'll open the yetts," says Jock o' Noth,
"Ye'll open them at my call;"
Then wi' his foot he has drove in
Three yards braid o' the wall.

As they gaed in by Drury-lane,
And down by the town's hall;
And there they saw young Johnny Moir,
Stand on their English wall.

"Ye're welcome here, my uncle dear,
Ye're welcome unto me;
Ye'll loose the knot, and slack the rope,
And set me frae the tree."

"Is it for murder, or for theft?
Or is it for robbery?
If it is for ony heinous crime,
There's nae remeid for thee."

"It's nae for murder, nor for theft,
Nor yet for robbery;
A' is for the loving a gay lady,
They're gaun to gar me die."

"O whar's thy sword," says Jock o' Noth,
"Ye brought frae Scotland wi' thee?
I never saw a Scotsman yet,
But coud wield a sword or tree."

"A pox upo' their lodomy
On me had sic a sway ;
Four o' their men, the bravest four,
They bore my blade away."

"Bring back his blade," says Jock o' Noth,
"And freely to him it gie ;
Or I hae sworn a black Scot's oath,
I'll gar five million die."

"Now whar's the lady ? " says Jock o' Noth,
"Sae fain I would her see ;"
"She's lock'd up in her ain chamber,
The king he keeps the key."

"So they hae gane before the king,
With courage bauld and free ;
Their armour bright cast sic a light,
That almost dim'd his e'e.

"O whar's the lady," says Jock o' Noth,
"Sae fain as I wou'd her see ;
For we are come to her wedding,
Frae the foot o' Benachie."

"O take the lady," said the king,
"Ye welcome are for me ;
I never thought to see sic men
Frae the foot o' Benachie."

"If I had ken'd," said Jock o' Noth,
"Ye'd wonder'd sae muckle at me,
I wou'd hae brought ane larger far
By sizes three times three."

" Likewise if I had thought I'd been
Sic a great fright to thee,
I'd brought Sir John o' Erskine park ;
He's thretty feet and three."

" Wae to the little boy," said the King,
" Brought tidings unto thee ;
Let all England say what they will,
High hanged shall he be."

" O if ye hang the little wee boy
Brought tidings unto me,
We shall attend his burial,
And rewarded ye shall be."

" O take the lady," said the king,
" And the boy shall be free : "
" A priest, a priest," then Johnny cried,
" To join my love and me."

" A clerk, a clerk," the king replied,
" To seal her tocher wi' thee "
Out it speaks auld Johnny then,
These words pronounced he :

" I wantnae lands and rents at hame,
I'll ask nae gowd frae thee ;
I am possess'd o' riches great,
Hae fifty ploughs and three ;
Likewise fa's heir to ane estate
At the foot o' Benachie.

" Hae ye ony masons in this place,
Or ony at your call,

That ye may now send some of them,
To build your broken wall ? ”

“ Yes, there are masons in this place,
And plenty at my call ;
But ye may gang frae whence ye came,
Never mind my broken wall.”

They’ve ta’en the lady by the hand,
And set her prison free ;
Wi’ drums beating, and fifes playing,
They spent the night wi’ glee.

Now auld Johnny Moir, and young Johnny Moir,
And Jock o’ Noth, a’ three,
The English lady, and little wee boy,
Went a’ to Benachie.

LIZIE BAILLIE. See p. 73.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 173.

It fell about the Lammas time,
When flowers were fresh and green,
Lizie Baillie to Gartartan went,
To see her sister Jean.

She meant to go unto that place,
To stay a little while;
But mark what fortune her befell,
When she went to the isle.¹

It fell out upon a day,
Sheep-shearing at an end,
Lizie Baillie she walk'd out,
To see a distant friend.

But going down in a low glen,
She met wi' Duncan Græme,
Who courted her along the way,
Likewise convoyed her hame.

"My bonny Lizie Baillie,
I'll row you in my plaidie,
If ye'll gang ower the hills wi' me,
And be a Highland ladie."

¹ The island of Inchmahome, in the Lake of Menteith.

"I winna gang alang wi' you;
Indeed I maun confess,
I can neither milk cow nor ewe,
Nor yet can I speak Earse."

"O never fear, Lizie," he said,
"If ye will gang wi' me,
All that is into my place,
Can speak as gude Scotch as thee."

"But for a time we now maun part;
I hinna time to tarry;
Next when we twa meet again,
Will be in Castlecary."

When Lizie tarried out her time,
Unto her father's came,
The very first night she arrived,
Wha comes but Duncan Græme.

Says, "Bonny Lizie Baillie,
A gude deed mat ye die;
Altho' to me ye brake your tryst,
Now I am come for thee."

"O stay at hame," her father said,
"Your mither cannot want thee;
And gin ye gang awa' this night,
We'll hae a Killycrankie."

"My bonny Lizie Baillie,
O come to me without delay;
O wou'd ye hae sae little wit,
As mind what odd folks wad say?"

She wou'dna hae the Lowlandman,
That wears the coat sae blue ;
But she wou'd hae the Highlandman,
That wears the plaid and trews.

Out it spake her mother then,
A sorry heart had she ;
Says, " Wae be to his Highland face,
That's taen my lass frae me ! "

**THE RARE BALLAD OF JOHNNIE FAA AND
THE COUNTESS O' CASSILIS. See p. 114.**

FROM Sheldon's *Minstrelsy of the English Border*,
p. 329. The editor (or author, as he styles himself,
indifferently) of that audacious work, asserts that he
has "heard this ballad sung repeatedly by Willie Faa,"
and has "endeavored to preserve as much of his ver-
sion as recollection would allow."

THERE were seven Gipsies in a gang,
They were both brisk and bonny O,
They rode till they came to the Earl of Castle's
house,
And there they sung so sweetly O.

The Earl of Castle's lady came down,
With her waiting maid beside her O ;
As soon as her handsome face they saw,
They cast the glamour o'er her O.

They gave to her a nutmeg brown,
Which was of the belinger O ;
She gave to them a far better thing,
The ring from off her finger O.

The Earl he flang his purse to them,
For wow ! but they sung bonny O ;

Gied them red wine and manchet cake,
And all for the Gipsy laddie O.

The Earl wad gae hunt in Maybole woods,
For blythsome was the morning O,
To hunt the deer wi' the yelping curs,
Wi' the huntsman bugle sounding O.

The Countess went down to the ha',
To hae a crack at them fairly O ;
"And och," she cried, "I wad follow thee,
To the end o' the world or nearly O."

He kist the Countess lips sae red,
And her jimp white waist he cuddled O ;
She smoothed his beard wi' her lovely hand,
And a' for her Gipsy laddie O.

"And och," she cried, "that I should love thee,
And ever wrong my Earlie O ;
I ken there's glamour in mine e'ee,
To follow a Gipsy laddie O."

Quo he, "Thou art ane Earl's ladye,
And that is kent fu' fairly O ;
But if thou comest awa wi' me,
Thou'lt be a queen so rarely O.

"I'm Johnny Faa o' Yetholm town,¹
There dwell my min and daddie O ;

¹ "Yetholm, on the borders of Northumberland, situated among the recesses of the Cheviots, has ever been the headquarters of the Gypsy tribes. The Faas, (a corruption of Fall, their original designation,) the Youngs, Armstrongs, and Gordons still look up to this straggling village as their city of refuge." SHELDON.

And sweet Countess, I'm nothing less
Than King o' the Gipsy laddies O."

She pull'd off her high heel'd shoes,—
They were made of Spanish leather O,—
She put on her Highland brogues,
To follow the Gipsy laddie O.

At night, when my lord came riding home,
Enquiring for his lady O,
The waiting maid made this reply—
"She's following the Gipsy laddie O."

"O now then," quo' the bonny Earl,
"That ever siccan a thing suld be;
All ye that love, oh never build
Your nest upon the topmost tree.

"For oh the green leaves they will fall,
And roots and branches wither O;
But the virtue o' a leal woman,
I trow wad never swither O.

"Go saddle me my mylk white steed,
Gò saddle it so sadly O,
And I will ride out oure the lea,
To follow her Gipsy laddie O.

"Go saddle me my bonny black,
And eke my gray cowt quickly O;
Gin I hae not Johnny Faa his head,
The de'il may claw me tightly O.

"Have you been east, or have you been west,
Or have you been brisk and bonny O,

Or have you seen a gay lady
Following a Gipsy laddie O ? ”

He rode all the summer's night,
And part of the next morning O ;
At length he espied his own wedded wife,
She was cold, wet, and weary O.

The leddy sabbed, the leddy cried,
And wrung her hands sae sadly O ;
And aye her moan was to the Earl,
To spare her Gipsy laddie O.

“ Why did you leave your houses and lands,
Or why did you leave your money O,
Or why did you leave your own wedded lord,
To follow the Gipsy laddie O ? ”

“ O what care I for houses and lands,
Or what care I for money O ?
So as I have brew'd, so I will drink,
So fare you well, my honey O.”

They marched them to the gallows tree,
Whilst the Earl stood at the window O ;
And aye the smile was on his lip,
As he thocht on the Gipsy laddie O.

There were seven Gipsies in a gang,
They were so brisk and bonny O,
And they're to be hang'd all in a row,
For the Earl o' Castle's leddy O.

JAMIE DOUGLAS. See p. 135.

From Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, il. 4.

WHEN I fell sick, an' very sick,
An' very sick, just like to die,
A gentleman of good account
He cam on purpose to visit me ;
But his blackie whispered in my lord's ear,
He was owre lang in the room wi' me.

" Gae little page, an' tell your lord,
Gin he will come and dine wi' me,
I'll set him on a chair of gold,
And serve him on my bended knee."

The little page gaed up the stair,—
" Lord Douglass, dine wi' your ladie :
She'll set ye on a chair of gold,
And serve you on her bended knee."

" When cockle shells turn silver bells,
When wine drieps red frae ilka tree,
When frost and snaw will warm us a',
Then I'll cum down an' dine wi' thee."

But whan my father gat word o' this,
O what an angry man was he !
He sent fourscore o' his archers bauld
To bring me safe to his countrie.

When I rose up then in the morn,
My goodly palace for to lea',
I knocked at my lord's chamber door,
But ne'er a word wad he speak to me.

But slowly, slowly, rose he up,
And slowly, slowly, cam he down,
And when he saw me set on my horse,
He caus'd his drums and trumpets soun.

"Now fare ye weel my goodly palace,
And fare ye weel my children three;
God grant your father grace to love you,
Far more than ever he loved me."

He thocht that I was like himsel,
That had a woman in every hall;
But I could swear by the heavens clear,
I never loved man but himsel.

As on to Embro' town we cam,
My guid father he welcomed me;
He caus'd his minstrels meet to sound,—
It was nae music at a' to me.

"Now hand your tongue, my daughter dear,
Leave off your weeping, let it be;
For Jamie's divorcement I'll send over;
Far better lord I'll provide for thee."

"O hand your tongue, my father dear,
And of such talking let me be;
For never a man shall come to my arms,
Since my lord has sae slighted me."

O an' I had ne'er crossed the Tweed,
Nor yet been ower the river Dee.
I might hae staid at Lord Ogilvie's gate,
Where I wad hae been a gay laird.

The ladies they w'll cum to town,
And they w'll cum and visit me;
But I'll set me down now in the dark,
For ochanic! who'll comfort me?

An' wae betide ye, black fastness,¹
Ay, and an ill dead may ye die!
Ye was the first and foremost man
Wha parted my true lord and me.

¹ fastness, printed Fastness by Finlay, is, says Motherwell, merely falstness, falseness.

When I rose up then in the morn,
My goodly palace for to lea',
I knocked at my lord's chamber door,
But ne'er a word wad he speak to me.

But slowly, slowly, rose he up,
And slowly, slowly, cam he down,
And when he saw me set on my horse,
He caused his drums and trumpets soun.

"Now fare ye weel my goodly palace,
And fare ye weel, my children three;
God grant your father grace to love you,
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That had a woman in every hall;
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He caused his minstrels meet to sound,—
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"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
Leave off your weeping, let it be;
For Jamie's divorcement I'll send over;
Far better lord I'll provide for thee."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And of such talking let me be;
For never a man shall come to my arms,
Since my lord has sae slighted me."

O an' I had ne'er crossed the Tweed,
Nor yet been owre the river Dee,
I might hae staid at Lord Orgul's gate,
Where I wad hae been a gay ladie.

The ladies they will cum to town,
And they will cum and visit me ;
But I'll set me down now in the dark,
For ochanie ! who'll comfort me ?

An' wae betide ye, black fastness,¹
Ay, and an ill deid may ye die !
Ye was the first and foremost man
Wha parted my true lord and me.

¹ fastness, printed Fastness by Finlay, is, says Motherwell, merely falsetness, falseness.

LAIRD OF BLACKWOOD. See p. 135.

Kinloch's *Ascent Scottish Ballads*, p. 60.

" I LAY sick, and very sick,
And I was bad, and like to die,
A friend o' mine cam to visit me ;—
And Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear,
That he was owre lang in chamber wi' me.

" O what need I dress up my head,
Nor what need I kaim down my hair,
Whan my gude lord has forsaken me,
And says he will na love me mair !

" But O ! an my young babe was born,
And set upon some nourice knee,
And I mysel war dead and gane,—
For a maid again I'll never be."—

" Na mair o' this, my dochter dear,
And of your mourning let abee ;
For a bill of divorce I'll gar write for him,
A mair better lord I'll get for thee."

“Na mair o’ this, my father dear,
And of your folly let abee;
For I wad na gie ae look o’ my lord’s face,
For a’ the lords in the hail countrie.

“But I’ll cast off my robes o’ red,
And I’ll put on my robes o’ blue;
And I will travel to some other land,
To see gin my love will on me rue.

“There sall na wash come on my face,
There sall na kaim come on my hair;
There sall neither coal nor candle licht
Be seen intil my bouer na mair.

“O! wae be to thee Blackwood,
And an ill death may ye die,
For ye’ve been the hail occasion
Of parting my lord and me.”

THE PROVOST'S DOCHTER. See p. 180.

Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 181.

THE Provost's dochter went out a walking,
 A may's love whiles is easie won ;
She heard a puir prisoner making his meane,
 And she was the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.

"Gif onie ladie wad borrow me
 Out into this prison strang,
I wad make her a ladie o' hie degree,
 For I am a gret lard in fair Scotland."

She has dune her to her father's bed-stock,
 A may's love whiles is easie won !
She has stown the keys o' monie braw lock,
 And she has lows'd him out o' prison strang.

She has dune her to her father's stable,
 A may's love whiles is easie won !
She has tane out a steed, baith swift and able,
 To carry them baith to fair Scotland.

Whan they cam to the Scottish corm,
 A may's love whiles is easie won !
"Ye brazen-faced hure, licht aff o' my horse,
 And go, get ye back to Northumberland."

Whan they cam to the Scottish muir,
 A may's love whiles is easie won !
"Get aff o' my horse, ye brazen-fac'd hure,
 So, go, get ye back to Northumberland."

"O pity on me! O pity!" said she,
 "O that my love was so easie won !
Have pity on me, as I had upon thee,
 Whan I lows'd ye out o' prison strang."

"O how can I hae pity on thee?
 O why was your love sae easie won ?
Whan I hae a wife and children three,
 Mair worthy than a' in Northumberland."

"Cook in your kitchen I will be,—
 O that my love was sae easie won !
And serve your lady maist reverentlie,
 For I darna gang back to Northumberland."

"Cook in my kitchen, ye sall not be,—
 Why was your love so easie won ?
For I will hae na sic servants as thee,
 So, get ye back to Northumberland."

But laith was he the lassie to tyne,
 A may's love whiles is easie won !
He hired an auld horse, and fee'd an auld man,
 To carry her back to Northumberland.

Whan she cam her father afore,
 A may's love whiles is easie won !
She fell at his feet on her knees sae low,—
 She was the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.

“ O dochter, dochter, why was ye bauld,
 O why was your love sae easie won !
To be a Scot's hure in your fifteen year auld,
 And ye the fair flow'r o' Northumberland ! ”

Her mother on her sae gentlie smil'd,—
 “ O that her love was sae easie won !
She's na the first that the Scots hae beguil'd,
 And she's still the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.

“ She shanna want gowd, she shanna want fee,
 Although her love was easie won ;
She shanna want gowd to gain a man wi',
 And she'll still be the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.”

BLANCHEFLOUR AND JELLYFLORICE.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 125.

A fragment of the ancient English romance of *Florice and Blancheflour* is printed in Hartsborne's *Metrical Tales*, p. 81. For the complete story (hardly a trace of which is retained in the following ballad) see Ellis's *Early English Metrical Romances*.

THERE was a maid, richly array'd,
In robes were rare to see ;
For seven years and something mair,
She serv'd a gay ladie.

But being fond o' a higher place,
In service she thought lang ;
She took her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the band.

And as she walk'd by the shore side,
As blythe's a bird on tree,
Yet still she gaz'd her round about,
To see what she could see.

At last she spied a little castle,
 That stood near by the sea ;
 She spied it far, and drew it near,
 To that castle went she.

And when she came to that castle,
 She tirl'd at the pin ;
 And ready stood a little wee boy
 To lat this fair maid in.

" O who's the owner of this place,
 O porter boy, tell me ? "
 " This place belongs unto a queen
 O' birth and high degree."

She put her hand in her pocket,
 And ga'e him shillings three ;
 " O porter bear my message well,
 Unto the queen frae me."

The porter's gane before the queen,
 Fell low down on his knee ;
 " Win up, win up, my porter boy,
 What makes this courtesie ? "

" I ha'e been porter at your yetts,
 My dame, these years full three,
 But see a ladie at your yetts,
 The fairest my eyes did see."

" Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,
 Lat her come in to me ;
 And I'll know by her courtesie,
 Lord's daughter if she be."

When she came in before the queen,
 Fell low down on her knee ;
 " Service frae you, my dame, the queen,
 I pray you grant it me."

" If that service ye now do want,
 What station will ye be ?
 Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,
 Or milk the cows to me ?"

" No, I can neither card nor spin,
 Nor cows I canno' milk ;
 But sit into a lady's bower,
 And sew the seams o' silk."

" What is your name, ye comely dame ?
 Pray tell this unto me :
 " O Blancheflour, that is my name,
 Born in a strange countrie."

" O keep ye well frae Jellyflorice ;
 My ain dear son is he ;
 When other ladies get a gift,
 O' that ye shall get three."

It wasna tald into the bower,
 Till it went thro' the ha',
 That Jellyflorice and Blancheflour
 Were grown ower great witha'.

When the queen's maids their visits paid,
 Upo' the gude Yule day,
 When other ladies got horse to ride,
 She boud take foot and gae.

The queen she call'd her stable groom,
To come to her right seen ;
Says, " Ye'll take out yon wild waith steed,
And bring him to the green.

" Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,
The lighters frae his e'en ;
Ere she ride three times roun' the cross,
Her weel days will be dune."

Jellyflorice his true love spy'd,
As she rade roun' the cross ;
And thrice he kiss'd her lovely lips,
And took her frae her horse.

" Gang to your bower, my lily flower,
For a' my mother's spite ;
There's nae other amang her maids,
In whom I take delight.

" Ye are my jewel, and only ane,
Nane's do you injury ;
For ere this-day-month come and gang,
My wedded wife ye'se be."

CHIL ETHER.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, il. 228.

CHIL ETHER and Lady Maisry
Were baith born at ae birth;
They lov'd each other tenderlie,
Boon every thing on earth.

"They ley likes na the summer shower,
Nor girse the mornin' dew,
Better, dear Lady Maisry,
Than Chil Ether loves you."

"The bonny doo likes na its mate,
Nor babe at breast its mither,
Better, my dearest Chil Ether,
Than Maisry loves her brither."

But he needs gae to gain renown,
Into some far countrie;
And Chil Ether has gaen abroad,
To fight in Paynimie.

And he has been in Paynimie
A twalvemonth and a day;
But never nae tidings did there come,
Of his welfare to say.

Then she's ta'en ship, awa' to sail,
Out ower the roaring faem ;
A' for to find him, Chil Ether,
And for to bring him hame.

She hadna sail'd the sea a month,
A month but barely three,
Until she landit on Ciper's shore,
By the meen-licht sae lie.

Lady Maisry did on her green mantle,
Took her purse in her hand,
And call'd to her her marinera,
Syne walk'd up thro' the land.

She walked up, sae did she down,
Till she came till castell high ;
There she sat down on the door stane,
And weepit bitterlie.

Then out it spake a sweet, sweet voice,
Out ower the castell wa',
" Now isna that Lady Maisry
That makes sic a dolefu' fa' ?

" But gin that be Lady Maisry,
Lat her make mirth and glee ;
For I'm her brother, Chil Ether,
That loves her tenderlie.

" But gin that be Lady Maisry,
Lat her take purse in hand ;
And gang to yonder castell wa',—
They call it Gorinand.

“ Spier for the lord o’ that castell,
Gie’m dollars thirty-three ;
Tell him to ransom Chil Ether,
That loves you tenderlie.”

She’s done her up to that castell,
Paid down her gude monie ;
And sae she’s ransom’d Chil Ether,
And brought him hame her wi’.

YOUNG BEARWELL.

"A FRAGMENT, and now printed in the hope that the remainder of it may hereafter be recovered. From circumstances, one would almost be inclined to trace it to a Danish source; or it may be an episode of some forgotten Metrical Romance: but this cannot satisfactorily be ascertained, from its catastrophe being unfortunately wanting." *Motherwell's Minstrelsy*, p. 345.

The same is in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 75.

WHEN two lovers love each other weel,
Great sin it were them to twinn;
And this I speak from young Bearwell;
He loved a lady ying,
The Mayor's daughter of Birktown-brae,
That lovely leesome thing.

One day when she was looking out,
When washing her milk-white hands,
Then¹ she beheld him young Bearwell,
As he came in the sands.

¹ That.

Says,—“ Wae 's me for you, young Bearwell,
 Such tales of you are tauld ;
 They 'll cause you sail the salt sea so far
 As beyond Yorkisfauld.”

“ O shall I bide in good green wood,
 Or stay in bower with thee ? ”
 * * * * *

“ The leaves are thick in good green wood,
 Would hold you from the rain ;
 And if you stay in bower with me,
 You will be taken and slain.

“ But I caused build a ship for you,
 Upon Saint Innocent's day ;
 I 'll bid Saint Innocent be your guide,
 And Our Lady, that meikle may.
 You are a lady's first true love ;
 God carry you weel away ! ”

Then he sailed east and he sailed west,
 By many a comely strand ;
 At length a puff of northern wind
 Did blow him to the land.

When he did see the king and court,
 Were playing at the ba' ;
 Gave him a harp into his hand,
 Says,—“ Stay, Bearwell, and play.”

He had not been in the king's court
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 Till there came lairds and lords enew,
 To court that lady gay.

They wooed her with broach and ring,
They nothing could keep back ;
The very charters of their lands
Into her hands they pat.

She 's done her down to Heyvalin,
With the light of the mune :
Says,—“ Will ye do this deed for me,
And will ye do it sune ?

“ Will ye go seek him young Bearwell,
On seas wherever he be ?
And if I live and bruik my life,
Rewarded ye shall be.”

“ Alas, I am too young a skipper,
So far to sail the faem ;
But if I live and bruik my life,
I 'll strive to bring him hame.”

So he has sail'd east and then sail'd west,
By many a comely strand ;
Till there came a blast of northern wind,
And blew him to the land.

And there the king and all his court
Were playing at the ba' ;
Gave him a harp into his hand,
Says,—“ Stay, Heyvalin, and play.”

He has tane up the harp in hand,
And unto play went he ;
And young Bearwell was the first man
In all that companie.

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY AND THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

FROM Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 212. Another version is given in Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 127, and a third by Kinloch, p. 93. Kinloch considers that the ballad may relate to the secret expedition of James V. to France, in 1536, in search of a wife. In the last verse of his copy of the ballad, Lord Thomas turns out to be no less a man than the King of Scotland.

SEVEN years the king he staid
Into the land of Spain,
And seven years true Thomas was
His daughter's chamberlain.

But it fell ance upon a day
The king he did come home;
She beked and she benjed ben,
And did him there welcome.

"What aileth you, my daughter, Janet,
You look sae pale and wan?
There is a dreder in your heart,
Or else ye love a man."

"There is no dreder in my heart,
Nor do I love a man ;
But it is for your long byding
Into the land of Spain."

"Ye'll cast aff your bonny brown gown,
And lay it on a stane ;
And I'll tell you, my jelly Janet,
If ever ye loved a man."

She's cast off her bonny brown gown,
And laid it on a stane ;
Her belly was big, her twa sides high,
Her colour it was quite gane.

"O is it to a man o' might, Janet ?
Or is it till a man that's mean ?
Or is it to one of my poor soldiers,
That I've brought hame frae Spain ?"

"It's not till a man o' might," she says,
"Nor yet to a man that's mean ;
But it is to Thomas o' Winesberry,
That cannot langer len'."

"O where are all my wall-wight men,
That I pay meat and fee ;
That will gae for him, true Thomas,
And bring him here to me ?
For the morn, ere I eat or drink,
High hanged shall he be."

She's turn'd her right and round about,
The tear blindet her e'e ;

"If ye do any ill to true Thomas,
Ye'se never get guid o' me."

When Thomas came before the king,
He glanced like the fire ;
His hair was like the threads o' gowd,
His eyes like crystal clear.

"It was nae wonder, my daughter, Janet,
Altho' ye loved this man ;
If he were a woman, as he is a man,
My bed-fellow he would been.

"O will ye marry my daughter Janet ?
The truth's in your right hand ;
Ye'se hae some o' my gowd, and some o' my gear,
And the twalt part o' my land."

"It's I will marry your daughter Janet ;
The truth's in my right hand ;
I'll hae nane o' your gowd, nor nane o' your gear,
I've enough in my own land.

"But I will marry your daughter Janet,
With thirty ploughs and three,
And four an' twenty bonny breast-mills,
All on the water of Dee.

LADY ELSPAT.

Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, ii. 191. From the recitation of
Mrs. Brown.

"How brent's your brow, my Lady Elspat?
How gouden yellow is your hair?
O' a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
There's nane like Lady Elspat fair."

"Perform your vows, sweet William," she says,
"The vows which ye ha' made to me;
And at the back o' my mither's castell,
This night I'll surely meet wi' thee."

But wae be to her brother's page,
That heard the words thir twa did say;
He's tald them to her lady mither,
Wha wrought sweet William mickle wae.

For she has ta'en him, sweet William,
And she's gar'd bind him wi' his bow string,
Till the red bluid o' his fair body
Frae ilka nail o' his hand did spring.

O it fell ance upon a time
That the Lord-justice came to town;
Out has she ta'en him, sweet William,
Brought him before the Lord-justice boun'.

"And what is the crime, now, lady," he says,
"That has by this young man been dane?"
"O he has broken my bonny castell,
That was weel biggit wi' lime and stane.

"And he has broken my bonny coffers,
That was weel bandit wi' aiken ban;
And he has stown my rich jewels;
I wot he has stown them every ane."

Then out it spak her Lady Elspat,
As she sat by Lord-justice' knee;
"Now ye hae told your tale, mithier,
I pray, Lord-justice, ye'll now hear me.

"He hasna broken her bonny castell,
That was weel biggit wi' lime and stane;
Nor has he stown her rich jewels,
For I wat she has them every ane.

"But though he was my first true love,
And though I had sworn to be his bride,
'Cause he hadna a great estate,
She would this way our loves divide."

Syne out and spak the Lord-justice,
I wat the tear was in his e'e;
"I see nae faut in this young man;
Sae loose his bands, and set him free.

"And tak your love, now, Lady Elspat,
And my best blessin' you baith upon;
For gin he be your first true love,
He is my eldest sister's son.

"There stands a steed in my stable,
Cost me baith gold and white mony;
Ye's get as mickle o' my free land
As he'll ride about in a summer's day."

THE LOVERS QUARREL; OR, CUPIDS TRIUMPH

"THIS 'pleasant History,' which 'may be sung to the tune of Floras Farewell,' is here republished from a copy printed at London for F. Cotes and others, 1677, 12mo. bl. l., preserved in the curious and valuable collection of that excellent and most respected antiquary Antony à Wood, in the Ashmolean Museum; compared with another impression, for the same partners, without date, in the editor's possession. A different copy of the poem, more in the ballad form, was published, and may be found among the king's pamphlets in the British Museum. Both copies are conjectured to have been modernized, by different persons, from some common original, which has hitherto eluded the vigilance of collectors, but is strongly suspected to have been the composition of an old North country minstrel.

"The full title is, *The Lovers Quarrel: or Cupids Triumph: being the pleasant history of Fair Rosamond of Scotland. Being daughter to the Lord Arundel, whose love was obtained by the valour of Tommy Pots: who conquered the Lord Phenix, and wounded him, and after obtained her to be his wife. Being very delightful to read.*" RITSON, *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, p. 185.

Of all the lords in Scotland fair,
And ladies that been so bright of blee,
There is a noble lady among them all,
And report of her you shall hear by me.

For of her beauty she is bright,
And of her colour very fair,
She's daughter to Lord Arundel,
Approv'd his parand and his heir.

"He see this bride," Lord Phenix said,
"That lady of so bright a blee,
And if I like her countenance well,
The heir of all my lands she'st be."

But when he came the lady before,
Before this comely maid came he,
"O God thee save, thou lady sweet,
My heir and parand thou shalt be."

"Leave off your suit," the lady said,
"As you are a lord of high degree ;
You may have ladies enough at home,
And I have a lord in mine own country :

"For I have a lover true of mine own,
A serving-man of low degree,
One Tommy Pots it is his name,
My first love, and last that ever shall be."

"If that Tom Pots [it] is his name,
I do ken him right verily ;
I am able to spend fourty pounds a week,
Where he is not able to spend pounds three."

"God give you good of your gold," she said,
"And ever God give you good of your fee,
Tom Pots was the first love that ever I had,
And I do mean him the last to be."

With that Lord Phenix soon was mov'd ;
Towards the lady did he threat ;
He told her father, and so it was prov'd,
How his [fair] daughters mind was set.

"O daughter dear, thou art my own,
The heir of all my lands to be ;
Thou shalt be bride to the Lord Phenix,
If that thou mean to be heir to me."

"O father dear, I am your own,
And at your command I needs must be,
But bind my body to whom you please,
My heart, Tom Pots, shall go with thee."

Alas ! the lady her fondness must leave,
And all her foolish wooing lay aside ;
The time is come her friends have appointed,
That she must be Lord Phenix bride.

With that the lady began to weep ;
She knew not well then what to say,
How she might Lord Phenix deny,
And escape from marriage quite away.

She call'd unto her little foot-page,
Saying, "I can trust none but thee ;
Go carry Tom Pots this letter fair,
And bid him on Guildford-green meet me :

" For I must marry against my mind,
Or in faith well proved it shall be;
And tell to him I am loving and kind,
And wishes him this wedding to see.

" But see that thou note his countenance well,
And his colour, and shew it to me ;
And go thy way and hie¹ thee again,
And forty shillings I will give thee.

" For if he smile now with his lips,
His stomach will give him to laugh at the heart;
Then may I seek another true love,
For of Tom Pots small is my part.

" But if he blush now in his face,
Then in his heart he will sorry be ;
Then to his vow he hath some grace,
And false to him I'll never be."

Away this lucky-boy he ran,
And a full speed forsooth went he,
Till he came to Strawberry-castle,
And there Tom Pots came he to see.

He gave him the letter in his hand ;
Before that he began to read,
He told him plainly by word of mouth,
His love was forc'd to be Lord Phenix bride.

When he look'd on the letter fair,
The salt tears blemished his eye ;

¹ high.

Says, " I cannot read this letter fair,
Nor never a word to see or spy.

" My little boy, be to me true,
Here is five marks I will give thee ;
And all these words I must peruse ;
And tell my lady this from me :

" By faith and troth she is my own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be found ;
Lord Phenix shall not have her night nor day,
Except he can win her with his own hand.

" On Guildford-green I will her meet ;
Say that I wish her for me to pray,
For there I'll lose my life so sweet,
Or else the wedding I mean to stay."

Away this lackey-boy he ran,
Then as fast as he could hie ;
The lady she met him two miles of the way ;
Says, " Why hast thou staid so long, my boy ?

" My little boy, thou art but young,
It gives me at heart thou'lt mock and scorn ;
He not believe thee by word of mouth,
Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn."

' Now by this book," the boy did say,
" And Jesus Christ be as true to me,
Tom Pots could not read the letter fair,
Nor never a word to spy or see.

" He says, by faith and troth you are his own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be found ;

Lord Phenix shall not have you night nor day,
Except he win you with his own hand.

"On Guildford-green he will you meet;
He wishes you for him to pray,
For there he'll lose his life so sweet,
Or else the wedding he means to stay."

"If this be true, my little boy,
These tidings which thou tellest to me,
Forty shillings I did thee promise,
Here is ten pounds I will give thee.

"My maidens all," the lady said,
"That ever wish me well to prove,
Now let us all kneel down and pray,
That Tommy Pots may win his love.

"If it be his fortune the better to win,
As I pray to Christ in trinity,
He make him the flower of all his kin,
For the young Lord Arundel be shall be."

THE SECOND PART.

LET's leave talking of this lady fair,
In prayers full good where she may be;
Now let us talk of Tommy Pots;
To his lord and master for aid went he.

But when he came Lord Jockey before,
He kneeled lowly on his knee;
"What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie?"

“What tydings, what tydings, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie?
Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,
Or wrought to me some villany.”

“I have slain none of my fellows fair,
Nor wrought to you no villany,
But I have a love in Scotland fair,
And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

“If you’l not believe me by word of mouth,
But read this letter, and you shall see,
Here by all these suspitious words
That she her own self hath sent to me.”

But when he had read the letter fair,
Of all the suspitious words in it might be,
“O Tommy Pots, take thou no care,
Thou’st never lose her with poverty.

“For thou’st have forty pounds a week,
In gold and silver thou shalt row,
And Harvy town I will give thee,
As long as thou intend’st to wooe.

“Thou’st have forty of thy fellows fair,
And forty horses to go with thee,
Forty of the best spears I have,
And I myself in thy company.”

“I thank you, master,” said Tommy Pots,
“That proffer is too good for me;
But, if Jesus Christ stand on my side,
My own hands shall set her free.

" God be with you, master," said Tommy Pots,
" Now Jesus Christ you save and see ;
If ever I come alive again,
Staid the wedding it shall be."

" O God be your speed, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art well proved for a man ;
See never a drop of blood thou spil,
Nor yonder gentleman confound.

" See that some truce with him thou take,
And appoint a place of liberty ;
Let him provide him as well as he can,
As well provided thou shalt be."

But when he came to Guildford-green,
And there had walkt a little aside,
There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,
And Lady Rosamond his bride.

Away by the bride then Tommy Pots went,
But never a word to her he did say,
Till he the Lord Phenix came before ;
He gave him the right time of the day.

" O welcome, welcome, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou serving-man of low degree ;
How doth thy lord and master at home,
And all the ladies in that country ?"

" My lord and master is in good health,
I trust since that I did him see ;
Will you walk with me to an out-side,
Two or three words to talk with me ?

"You are a noble man," said Tom,
"And born a lord in Scotland free;
You may have ladies enough at home,
And never take my love from me."

"Away, away, thou Tommy Pots;
Thou serving-man, stand thou aside;
It is not a serving-man this day,
That can hinder me of my bride."

"If I be a serving-man," said Tom,
"And you a lord of high degree,
A spear or two with you I'll run,
Before I'll lose her cowardly."

"Appoint a place, I will thee meet,
Appoint a place of liberty;
For there I'll lose my life so sweet,
Or else my lady I'll set free."

"On Guildford-green I will thee meet;
No man nor boy shall come with me."

"As I am a man," said Tommy Pots,
"I'll have as few in my company."

And thus staid the marriage was,
The bride unmarried went home again;
Then to her maids fast did she laugh,
And in her heart she was full fain.

"My maidens all," the lady said,
"That ever wait on me this day,
Now let us all kneel [lowly] down,
And for Tommy Pots let us all pray."

"If it be his fortune the better to win,
As I trust to God in trinity,
He make him the flower of all his kin,
For the young Lord Arundel he shall be."

THE THIRD PART.

WHEN Tom Pots came home again,
To try for his love he had but a week ;
For sorrow, God wot, he need not care,
For four days that he fel sick.

With that his master to him came,
Says, "Pray thee, Tom Pots, tell me if thou doubt
Whether thou hast gotten thy gay lady,
Or thou must go thy love without."

"O master, yet it is unknown ;
Within these two days well try'd it must be ;
He is a lord, I am but a serving-man,
I fear I shall lose her with poverty."

"I prethee, Tom Pots, get thee on thy feet,
My former promises kept shall be ;
As I am a lord in Scotland fair,
Thou'st never lose her with poverty."

"For thou'st have the half of my lands a year,
And that will raise thee many a pound ;
Before thou shalt out-braved be,
Thou shalt drop angels with him on the ground."

"I thank you, master," said Tommy Pots,
"Yet there is one thing of you I would fain ;

If that I lose my lady sweet,
How I'll restore your goods again ?”

“ If that thou win the lady sweet,
Thou mayst well forth thou shalt pay me :
If thou lovest thy lady, thou lovest enough ;
Thou shalt not pay me one penny.”

“ You have thirty horses in one close,
You keep them all both frank and free ;
Amongst them all there's an old white horse
This day would set my lady free.

“ That is an old horse with a cut tail,
Full sixteen years of age is he ;
If thou wilt lend me that old horse,
Then could I win her easily.”

“ That's a foolish opinion,” his master said,
“ And a foolish opinion thou tak'st to thee ;
Thou'st have a better then ever he was,
Though forty pounds more it should cost me.”

“ O your choice horses are wild and tough,
And little they can skill of their train ;
If I be out of my saddle cast,
They are so wild they'll ne'r be tain.”

“ Thou'st have that horse,” his master said,
“ If that one thing thou wilt tell me ;¹
Why that horse is better than any other,
I pray thee, Tom Pots, shew thou to me.”

¹ me tell.

"That horse is old, of stomach bold,
And well can he skill of his train ;
If I be out of my saddle cast,
He'l either stand still, or turn again."

"Thou'st have the horse with all my heart,
And my plate coat of silver free ;
An hundred men to stand at thy back,
To fight if he thy master be."

"I thank you master," said Tommy Pots,
"That proffer is too good for me ;
I would not for ten thousand pounds,
Have man or boy in my company."

"God be with you, master," said Tommy Pots,
"Now, as you are a man of law,
One thing let me crave at your hand ;
Let never a one of my fellows know."

"For if that my fellows they did wot,
Or ken of my extremity,
Except you keep them under a lock,
Behind me I'm sure they would not be."

But when he came to Guildford-green,
He waited hours two or three ;
There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,
And four men in his company.

"You have broken your vow," said Tommy Pots,
"The vow which you did make to me ;
You said you would bring neither man nor boy,
And now has brought more than two or three."

"These are my men," Lord Phenix said,

"Which every day do wait on me ;

If any of them dare proffer to strike,

Ile run my spear through his body."

"Ile run no race now," said Tommy Pots,

"Except now this may be ;

If either of us be slain this day,

The other shall forgiven be."

"Ile make that vow with all my heart,

My men shall bear witness with me ;

And if thou slay me here this day,

In Scotland worse belov'd thou never shalt be."

They turn'd their horses thrice about,

To run the race so eagerly ; -

Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,

And ran Tom Pots through the thick o' th' thigh.

He bor'd him out of the saddle fair,

Down to the ground so sorrowfully :

"For the loss of my life I do not care,

But for the loss of my fair lady.

"Now for the loss of my lady sweet,

Which once I thought to have been my wife,

I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ride not away,

For with thee I would end my life."

Tom Pots was but a serving-man,

But yet he was a doctor good ;

He bound his handkerchief on his wound,

And with some kind of words he stancht his blood.¹

¹ i. e. he made use of a charm for that purpose.

He leapt into his saddle again,
The blood in his body began to warm ;
He mist Lord Phenix body fair,
And ran him through the brawn of the arm.

He bor'd him out of his saddle fair,
Down to the ground most sorrowfully ;
Says, " Prethee, Lord Phenix, rise up and fight,
Or yield my lady unto me."

" Now for to fight I cannot tell,
And for to fight I am not sure ;
Thou hast run me throw the brawn o' the arm,
That with a spear I may not endure.

" Thou'st have the lady with all my heart ;
It was never likely better to prove
With me, or any nobleman else,
That would hinder a poor man of his love."

" Seeing you say so much," said Tommy Pots,
I will not seem your butcher to be ;
But I will come and stanch your blood,
If any thing you will give me."

As he did stanch Lord Phenix blood,
Lord ! in his heart he did rejoice ;
" I'll not take the lady from you thus,
But of her you'st have another choice.

" Here is a lane of two miles long ;
At either end we set will be ;
The lady shall stand us among,
Her own choice shall set her free."

"If thou'ld do so," Lord Phenix said,
 "To lose her by her own choice it's honesty;
Chuse whether I get her, or go her without,
 Forty pounds I will give thee."

But when they in that lane was set,
 The wit of a woman for to prove,
"By the faith of my body," the lady said,
 "Then Tom Pots must needs have his love."

Towards Tom Pots the lady did hie,
 To get behind him hastily;
"Nay stay, nay stay," Lord Phenix said,
 "Better proved it shall be."

"Stay you with your maidens here,
 In number fair they are but three;
Tom Pots and I will go behind yonder wall,
 That one of us two be proved to dye."

But when they came behind the wall,
 The one came not the other nigh;
For the Lord Phenix had made a vow,
 That with Tom Pots he would never fight.

"O give me this choice," Lord Phenix said,
 "To prove whether true or false she be,
And I will go to the lady fair,
 And tell her Tom Pots slain is he."

When he came from behind the wall,
 With his face all bloody as it might be,
"O lady sweet, thou art my own,
 For Tom Pots slain is he."

" Now have I slain him, Tommy Pots,
And given him deaths wounds two or three ;
O lady sweet, thou art my own ;
Of all loves, wilt thou live with me ? "

" If thou hast slain him, Tommy Pots,
And given him deaths wounds two or three,
I'll sell the state of my fathers lands,
But hanged shall Lord Phenix be."

With that the lady fell in a swoond,
For a grieved woman, God wot, was she ;
Lord Phenix he was ready then,
To take her up so hastily.

" O lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,
Tom Pots alive this day may be ;
I'll send for thy father, Lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see.

" I'll send for thy father, Lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see ;
If he will not maintain you well,
Both lands and livings you'll have of me."

" I'll see this wedding," Lord Arundel said,
" Of my daughters luck that is so fair ;
Seeing the matter will be no better,
Of all my lands Tom Pots shall be the heir."

With that the lady began for to smile,
For a glad woman, God wot, was she ;
" Now all my maids," the lady said,
" Example you may take by me.

" But all the ladies of Scotland fair, .
And lasses of England that well would prove,
Neither marry for gold nor goods,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

" For I had a lover true of my own,
A serving-man of low degree;
Now from Tom Pots I'll change his name,
For the young Lord Arundel he shall be."

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF BRISTOW.

From Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 104.

"THIS narrative ballad, which is full of graceful but unadorned simplicity, is mentioned in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, (Act iii. Sc. 3,) by the name of *Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter*. Two early editions of it are known: one without printer's name, (clearly much older than the other,) is that which we have used; we may conclude that it was written considerably before James I. came to the throne. It was last reprinted in 1738, but in that impression it was much modernized and corrupted."

BEHOLD the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter of Bristow towne,
Whose firme affection nothing could move;
This favour beares the lovely browne.

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many yeares had borne this lady great good will;
Shee loved him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expell
To view strange countreys hee intends.

And now, to take his last farewell
Of his true love, his faire and constant Maudlen,
With musicke sweete that did excell
Hee plaies under her window then.

"Farewell," quoth he, "mine owne true love,
Farewell, my deare, and chiefest treasure of my heart!
Through fortune's spight, that false did prove,
I am inforc'd from thee to part,

"Into the land of Italy :
There wil I waile, and weary out my dayes in wo ;
Seeing my true love is kept from mee,
I hold my life a mortal fo.

"Faire Bristow towne, therefore, adieu,
For Padua shall bee my habitation now ;
Although my love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow."

With trickling teares this hee did sing,
With sighs and sobs descending from his heart full sore :
Hee said, when he his hands did wring,
"Farewell, sweet love, for evermore !"

Fair Maudlin, from a window high
Beholding her true love with musicke where hee stood,
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents angry mood.

In teares she spent this dolefull night,
Wishing (though naked) with her faithfull friend :
She blames her friends, and fortune's spight,
That wrought their loves such lucklesse end.

And in her heart shee made a vow
Cleane to forsake her country and her kinsfolkes all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early shee did rise :
She gets her downe in a lower roome,
Where sundrie seamen she espies.

A gallant master amongst them all,
(The master of a faire and goodlie ship was he)
Who there stood waiting in the hall,
To speake with her father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand :
" Good sir," said shee, " would you speake with any
heere ? "

Quoth he, " Faire maid, therefore I stand : "
" Then, gentle sir, I pray you draw neere."

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings the seaman all alone;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moane.

Shee falls upon her tender knee :
" Good sir," she said, " now pittie you a woman's woe.
And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I my grieffe to you may shew."

"Sith you repose your trust," he said,
"To me that am unknowne, and eke a stranger heere,
Be you assur'd, most proper maid,
Most faithfull still I will appeare."

"I have a brother, then," quoth shee,
"Whom as my life I love and favour tenderlie:
In Padua, alas! is he,
Full sicke, God wot, and like to die.

"And faine I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yeeld to let me goe;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to mee,
And unto me this favour shew.

"Some ship-boye's garment bring to mee,
That I disguis'd may goe away from hence unknowne;
And unto sea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much favour may be showne."

"Faire maid," quoth he, "take heere my hand:
I will fulfill each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
And in that place that you require."

She gave him then a tender kisse,
And saith, "Your servant, gallant master, will I be,
And prove your faithfull friend for this:
Sweet master, then, forget not me."

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soone after (early) before the breake of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth her selfe array:

And ere her father did arise,
Shee meets her master as he walkes in the hall :
Shee did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the Merchant made an end
Of all the matters to the master he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, " Our daughter is gone away ! "

The Merchant, thus amaz'd in mind,
" Yonder vile wretch intic'd away my child," quoth he ;
" But, well I wot, I shall him find
At Padua, in Italy."

With that bespake the master brave :
" Worshipfull master, thither goes this pretty youth,
And any thing that you would have,
He will performe it, and write the truth."

" Sweet youth," quoth hee, " if it be so,
Beare me a letter to the English merehants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow :
My daughter's welfare I do feare."

Her mother takes her by the hand ;
" Faire youth," qd she, " if there thou dost my daughter
see,
Let me thereof soone understand,
And there is twenty crownes for thee."

Thus, through the daughter's strange disguise,
The mother knew not when shee spake unto her child ;
And after her master straightway shee hies,
Taking her leave with countenance milde.

Thus to the sea faire Maudlin is gone
With her gentle master; God send them a merry wind;
Where wee a while must let them alone,
Till you the second part doe find.

THE SECOND PART.

"WELCOME, sweete Maudlin, from the sea,
Where bitter stormes and tempests doe arise:
The pleasant bankes of Italy
Wee may behold with mortal eyes."

"Thankes, gentle master," then quoth shee;
"A faithfull friend in sorrow hast thou beene;
If fortune once doth smile on mee,
My thankfull heart shall well bee seene.

"Blest be the land that feedes my love!
Blest be the place where as his person doth abide!
No triall will I sticke to prove,
Whereby my true love may be tride.

"Nowe will I walke with joyfull heart,
To viewe the towne where as my darlinge doth re-
maine,
And seeke him out in every part,
Untill I doe his sight attaine."

"And I," quoth he, "will not forsake
Sweete Maudlin in her sorrow up and downe:
In wealth and woe thy part Ile take,
And bring thee safe to Padua towne."

And after many wearie steps
 In Padua they safely doe arrive at last :
 For very joy her heart it leapes ;
 She thinkes not of her sorrowes past.

Condemned to dye hee was, alas !
 Except he would from his religion turne ;
 But rather then hee would to masse,
 In fiery flames he vow'd to burne.

Now doth Maudlin weepe and waile :
 Her joy is chang'd to weeping, sorrow, grieve and care ;
 But nothing could her plaints prevaile,
 For death alone must be his share.

Shee walkes under the prison walls,
 Where her true love doth lye and languish in distresse ;
 Most wofully for foode he calls,
 When hunger did his heart oppresse.

He sighs and sobs and makes great moane :
 " Farewell," hee said, " sweete England, now for ever-
 more,
 And all my friends that have me knowne
 In Bristow towne with wealth and store.

" But most of all farewell," quoth hee,
 " My owne true love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left
 behind ;
 For never more shall I see thee.
 Woe to thy father most unkind !

" How well were I, if thou wert here,
 With thy faire hands to close these wretched eyes :

My torments easie would appeare ;
My soule with joy shall scale the skies."

When Maudlin heard her lover's moane,
Her eyes with teares, her heart with sorrow filled
was :

To speake with him no meanes is knowne,
Such grievous doome on him did passe.

Then she cast off her lad's attire ;
A maiden's weede upon her back she seemely set ;
To the judge's house shee did enquire,
And there shee did a service get.

Shee did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently she did her selfe behave,
With her in love her master fell ;
His servant's favour hee doth crave.

"Maudlin," quoth hee, "my heart's delight,
To whom my heart is in affection tied,
Breed not my death through thy despight ;
A faithfull friend I will be tryed.

"Grant me thy love, faire maid," quoth hee,
"And at my hands require what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise."

"I have a brother, sir," she said,
"For his religion is now condemned to dye :
In loathsome prison hee is layd,
Opprest with griefe and misery.

"Grant me my brother's life," shee said,
"And to you my love and liking I will give."
"That may not be," quoth hee, "faire maid;
Except he turne, he cannot live."

"An English Frier there is," shee said,
"Of learning great and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will finish soone the strife."

Her master hearing this request,
The marriner in frier's weed she did array,
And to her love, that lay distrest,
Shee did a letter straight convey.

When hee had read these gentle lines,
His heart was ravished with sudden joy;
Where now shee was full well hee knew:
The frier likewise was not coy;

But did declare to him at large
The enterprise for him his love had taken in hand.
The young man did the frier charge,
His love should straight depart the land.

"Here is no place for her," hee said,
"But woefull death and danger of her harmlesse life:
Professing truth I was betraid,
And fearfull flames must end my strife."

"For, ere I will my faith deny,
And sweare my selfe to follow damned Antichrist,
He yeld my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the highest."

" O sir " the gentle frier said,
" For your sweet love recant, and save your wished life.
A wofull match," quoth hee, " is made
Where Christ is lost to win a wife."

When she had wrought all meanes that might
To save her friend, and that she saw it would not bee,
Then of the judge shee claimed her right,
To die the death as well as hee.

When no perswasion could prevaile,
Nor change her mind in any thing that shee had said,
She was with him condemned to die,
And for them both one fire was made.

And arme in arme most joyfully
These lovers twaine unto the fire they did goe:
The marriner most faithfully
Was likewise partner of their woe.

But when the judges understood
The faithfull friendship did in them remaine,
They saved their lives; and afterward
To England sent them home againe.

Now was their sorrow turned to joy,
And faithfull lovers had now their heart's desire:
Their paines so well they did employ,
God granted that they did require.

And when they were to England come,
And in merry Bristow arrived at the last,
Great joy there was to all and some
That heard the dangers they had past.

338 THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

Her gentle master shee desired
To be her father, and at the church to give her then :
It was fulfilled as shee required,
Unto the joy of all good men.

GLOSSARY.

☞ Figures placed after words denote the pages in which they occur.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>a', <i>all</i>.
 abee, <i>be</i>.
 abeen, <i>abolf, above</i>.
 ae, <i>one</i>.
 agleta, <i>tags to laces</i>.
 airy, ery, <i>fearful, inspiring dread</i>.
 among, 144, <i>from time to time</i>.
 and, <i>if</i>.
 anew, <i>enough</i>.
 anewche, <i>enough</i>.
 angel, <i>a gold coin, varying in value from about six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings.—Halliwell's Dict.</i>
 aspaid, <i>satisfied</i>.
 as who sayeth, <i>so to speak</i>.
 at, <i>that</i>.
 attour, <i>over, across</i>.
 auld son, <i>a relative term for a boy older than the youngest</i>.
 ave, <i>of all</i>.
 ayont, <i>beyond</i>.
 baill, <i>sorrow</i>.</p> | <p>balow, <i>a word used in lulling children</i>.
 ban, <i>band</i>.
 banning, <i>cursing</i>.
 bed-stock, <i>the side of the bed further from the wall</i>.
 begoud, <i>began</i>.
 beked, 805, <i>made warm?</i>
 belinger, 283?
 bemean, 86, <i>disparage</i>.
 ben, <i>in</i>.
 benjed, 805, <i>received hospitably, made preparations for his comfort?</i>
 besyd, 247, <i>astray</i>.
 be that, <i>by that</i>.
 bewray, <i>discord</i>.
 bier, <i>cry</i>.
 bierdly, <i>stately</i>.
 bigged, <i>biggit, built</i>.
 Billy Blin, <i>a benignant household fairy, like the Lubber Fiend</i>.
 binna, <i>be not</i>.
 birk, <i>birch</i>.</p> |
|--|--|

- birling, *drinking*.
 blaе, *blue*.
 blackwort, *blue bottle, which bells*.
 blee, *complexion*.
 blin'd, *blinded*.
 bone, 247, *bane*.
 boon, *above*.
 borrow, *ransom, rescue*.
 bot dreid, 246, *without doubt*.
 boud, 297?
 bought, *a pen in the corner of a fold, into which the ewes are driven to be milked*.
 bower, *chamber, dwelling*.
 brae, *hill-side*.
 braken, *female fern*.
 brow, *brave, fine, handsome*.
 brawn, 93, *calf of the leg*.
 brayd attour the bent, 248, *strode across the grass or field*.
 brent, 308, *high, straight*.
 bride-ale, *a wedding festival so called from the brides selling ale on the wedding day, in return for which she received a large price by way of present*.
 bruik, *enjoy*.
 brynies, *cuirasses*.
 bug, *built*.
 burd, *lady*.
 burn, *brook*.
 busk, *dress, adorn, make ready*.
 but, *out*.
 but and, *but also*.
 bute [boot], *help*.
 ca', *called*.
 caddie, *errand-boy*.
 cairis, *cares*.
 camovine, *camomile*.
 can, *know*.
 chap, *rap*.
 certaine, *in, certainly*.
 close, *enclosure, an enclosed field*.
 coffer, *coif, a woman's head-dress?*
 coft, *bought*.
 cog, *milking-pail*.
 confound, *destroy*.
 corss, *cross*.
 cowl, *coll*.
 cowth, *cowd, 248, could, used as an auxiliary to form the preterit tense*.
 crack, *merry talk*.
 cramasie, *crimson*.
 cruds, *curds*.
 cute, *angle*.
 cuvating, *coveting*.
 daurna, *dare not*.
 daut, *fondle*.
 dead, *death*.
 dearly, *dear*.
 dee, *die*.
 dee, *do*.
 deed, *death*.
 deill, 250, *deal; 247, daily?*
 deir, 246, *frighten*.
 dele, 144, *particle, bit*.
 departe, 147, *separate; departing, 249, dividing*.
 dern, *secret*.
 dey, *dairy woman*.

- dill, *assuage, soothe.*
 dings, *beats.*
 disparage, 157, *cause to match*
unequally.
 distan, *distinguish.*
 distrayne, *distress.*
 d'on, *do on, don.*
 dought, *dread.*
 dre, *suffer.*
 dreder, *dread.*
 dreed, *suffered.*
 drest, 247, *placed; in dule I*
am so drest, I am so plunged
in sorrow.
 drie, *bear, endure.*
 dule, *sorrow.*
 dyke, *wall.*
- echeon, *each one.*
 een, *eyes.*
 een, *one.*
 enew, *enough.*
 eik, *increase.*
- fa', 800?
 fair, *go.*
 fa's [fa as], *I have my lot as.*
 fauld-dyke, *wall of the fold.*
 fawn, *fallen.*
 fee, *money, possessions.*
 feir, 246, *appearance, demean-*
or.
 fie, *cattle of any kind, sheep.*
 firth, *an enclosed wood, a field*
within a wood.
 fit, *foot.*
 forbears, *ancestors.*
 forbye, *on one side.*
 fou, *full.*
- fra, 247, *from the time that.*
 fre, *free, noble.*
 fy, 260, *haste!*
- gait, *way.*
 gaits, *goats.*
 gar, *cause, make.*
 gare, *below her, below the gore*
in the edge of her skirt? or
below her dress merely?
 gaucy, 76, *burly, strong.*
 gear, *goods.*
 girse, *grass.*
 glammer, *glamour, a charm ex-*
ercised on the eye.
 God before, *God guide you!*
- haill, *healthy; 247, whole.*
 haik up, 83, *carry off by force,*
Jamieson. (?)
 hald, *hold, heap.*
 hap, *covering; happed, cover-*
ed.
 hard, *heard.*
 hardely, *assuredly.*
 haud, *hold; haud unthocht*
lang, keep from growing
weary.
 her, *their.*
 heill, *hele, health.*
 hes, *hast.*
 het, *hot.*
 hich, *high.*
 hie, *on, aloud.*
 hinna, *have not.*
 hinny, *darling.*
 his alane, *alone by himself.*
 Hollans boats, 18. *Qy. holly-*
boats?

- holland, *holly*.
 hooding o' grey, 66, *hadden-grey, cloth with the natural color of the wool*.
 holtis hair, 250, *uplands bleak*.
 howp, *hope*.
 hucho, *crag, steep bank*.
 I dorn with the bot gif I daill, 247; *unless I secretly dally with thee?*
 I'et, *I shall*.
 ilke, *each*; this ilka, *this same*.
 intill, 83, *upon*.
 intent, 248, *thought, mind*.
 in worth, 205, *gladly, contentedly*.
 janglour, *prater*.
 jimp, *slender*.
 kail-blade, *leaf of colewort*.
 kail-yardie, *kitchen garden*.
 kebbuck, *cheese*.
 keep, *heed*.
 keipand, *keeping*.
 kenna, *know not*.
 kep, *catch*.
 kilt, *kilted, tucked up*.
 kintra, *country*.
 knicking, 110, *wringing, so as to make snap*.
 knowe, *knoll*.
 kye, *cows*.
 laigh, *low*.
 lair, *lore, doctrine*.
 l'ke, 120, *reproach*.
 lauch, *laugh*.
 lave, *rest*.
 laverock, *lark*.
 lawe, 149, *custom*.
 lax, *relief, release*.
 lea', *leave*.
 leal, *true*.
 lear'd, *learned*.
 lee-lang, *live-long*.
 leed, *language*.
 leesome, *pleasant, amiable*.
 leif, 250, *live*.
 leir, *learn*.
 lend ye till, 26, *lean upon*.
 len, 808, *lie concealed*.
 leuch, *laughed*.
 leve, 147, *remain*.
 lewche, *laughed*.
 ley, *lea*.
 lichtit, *lighted*.
 lichtly, *undervalue*.
 lie, *lonely, sad*.
 liggit, *lain*.
 lighters, *blinders*.
 liltin, *singing*.
 lirk hollow (of a hill).
 lodomy, *laudanum*.
 long of, 211, *on account of*.
 looing, *loving*.
 loot, *let*.
 lore, 149, *doctrine*.
 loup, *leap*.
 lourd, *heifer, rather*.
 loutit, *bowed*.
 lown, *loon, worthless fellow*.
 lowse, *loose*.
 lue, *love*; lude, 246, *loved*.
 maining, *moaning, crying*.

- manphet, the finest kind of white bread.*
mane, moon.
marrit, 246, marred, disordered.
marys, maids.
maugre, 247, ill-will, blame.
maun, must.
may, maid.
meen, moon; meen - licht, moon-light.
menji, 81, many; menyie, company of followers.
min, mother.
mot, may, might.
mouls, dust of the dead.
muckle, big, much.
mude, mood, mind.
murnit, mourned.

nae, not.
neirhand, nearly.
niest, next.
nocht, thought.

och, ochanie, interjections of grief.
odd, 281, old.
oo, one.
ower great, too familiar.

pall, rich cloth.
parand; heir and parand, heir apparent.
pat, put.
perde, par diu.
perfay, par foi.
pine, pain, grief.
pittan, put.

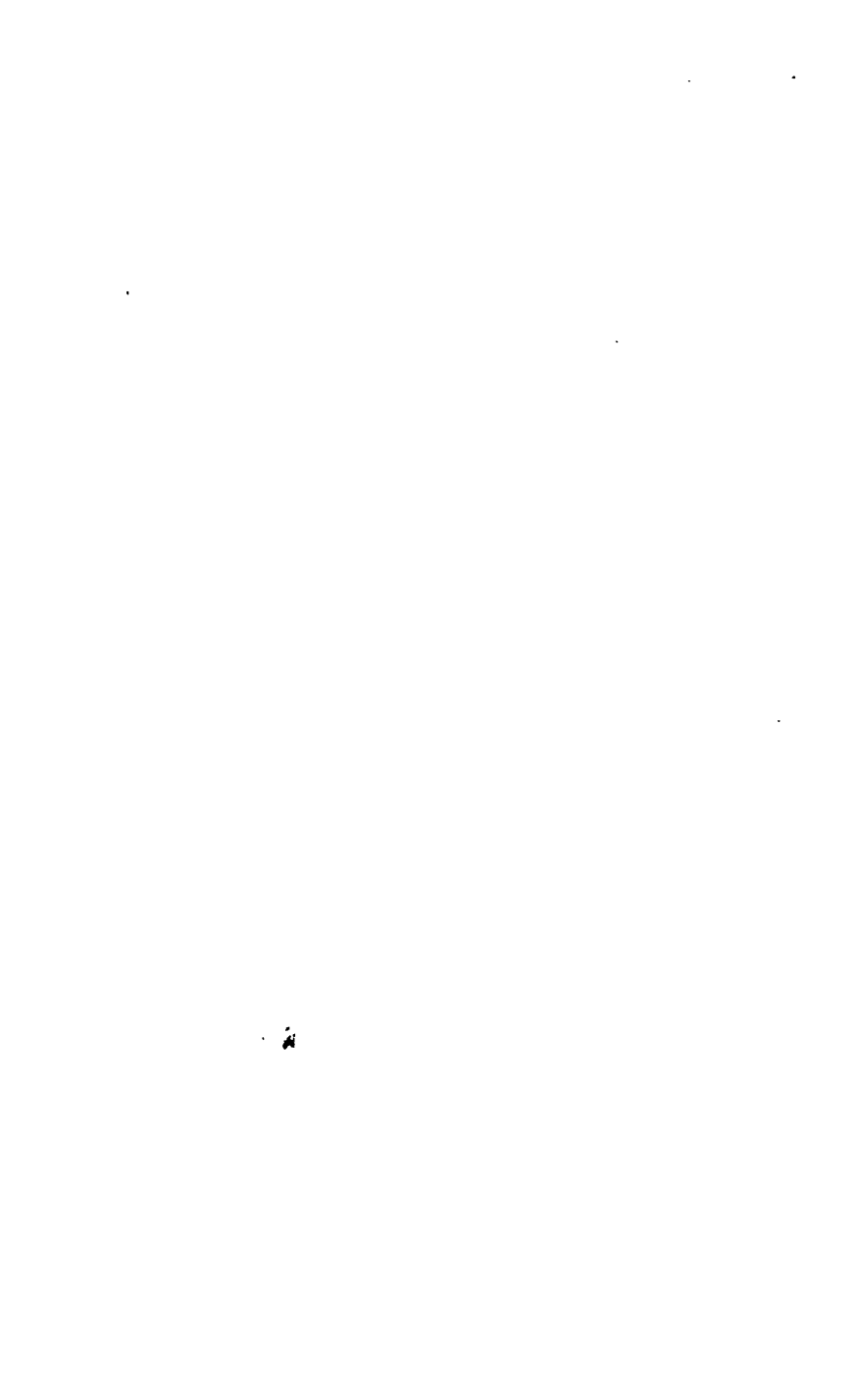
plow, as much land as can properly be tilled by one plough in a day.
prest, 204, ready.
previe, secret.
put down, 117, hung.
pyne, pain.

quhair, &c., where, &c., all quhair, every where.
quhill, 249, until.

raik on raw, 246, range or extend themselves in a row.
ramp, rude, wild, violent.
rantin', boisterously gay, rollicking.
rattons, rats.
recorde, witness.
red, advice, plan.
redding-comb, comb for redding, or combing out, the hair.
rede, reid, advise.
reivis, deprivest of.
remeve, 155, remove or trouble.
repreve, reprove.
rescous, rescue.
rew, take pity.
rigs, ridges.
roiss, rest.
rove, roof.
row, roll; row'd, rolled.
royal bane, 12, the same as ruel bone, an unknown material often mentioned in romances.
rude, rood, cross.
rue, take pity; ruthe, pity.

- sanna, *shall not*.
 sark, *shirt*.
 scant, *lessen*.
 scheel, *school*.
 schent, *shamed, disgraced*.
 see, *protect*.
 sen, *since*.
 sendall, *a rich thin silk*.
 sets, 106, *sits, fits*.
 shaw, *thicket, wood*.
 shealin, 66, *shed for sheep*.
 she'as, *sheaths*.
 sheave, *slice*.
 sheens, *shines*.
 she'st, *she shall*.
 shill, 59, *shrill*.
 shun, *soon*.
 sic, *siccan, such*.
 sicht, *sigh*; sichit, *sighed*.
 sickerly, *certainly*.
 silly, *simple*.
 sith, *since*.
 skill of their train, *understand their training*.
 slap, 96, *a breach in a wall or hedge*.
 speer'd, speir'd, *asked*.
 spell; drift can spell, 267, *tell my meaning or story*.
 splene, on the, 156?
 spring, 85, *youth, young*.
 sta', *stole*.
 states, 169, *people of high rank*.
 staw, *stole*.
 staws, *stalls*.
 steir, *stir*.
 stey, *sleep*.
 stown, *stolen*.
 streak'd, *stroaked*.
 suspicious, "*significant*" — Ritson.
 swither, *waver*.
 syne, *then*.
 tane, *taken*.
 tapp'd, *topped*.
 tent, *heed*.
 Termagant, *an imaginary false god of the heathen*.
 thair, *there*.
 than, *then*.
 thinking long, *see thought lang*.
 thir, *these*.
 this, *thus*.
 thoo, *those*.
 thought, 147, *trouble*.
 thought lang, *felt the time hang heavily, felt ennui*.
 thoust, *thou wilt*.
 till, *to, for*; 245, *to*; till assall 248, *to assail*; till haif, 249, *to have*.
 tirl'd at the pin, *trilled, or rattled, at the door-pin, or latch, to obtain entrance*.
 tocher, *dowry*.
 tod, *fox*.
 tomorne, *to-morrow*.
 ton, *one (after the)*.
 tree, 3, 253, *stick, pole, or per-haps, whipple-tree*; 276, *staff*.
 trew, *throw*.
 trinkling, *trickling*.
 trow, *believe*.
 twalt, *twelfth*.
 twinn, *part*.
 tyne, *lose*.

- unco, *strange, foreign*.
 upright, 258, *straightway?*
 wae, *sad*.
 waged, *staked*.
 wait, *wot, know*.
 waith, *wandering*.
 wald, *would*.
 wale, *choice*.
 wall-wight, 806, *picked (waled)*
 strong men, or warriors.
 waly, *an interjection of lamentation*.
 wanrufe, 246, *disquietude*.
 wan up, *got up*.
 wat, *wot, know*.
 waur, *worse*.
 wee, 269, *short time*.
 weed, *clothes*.
 weel, *well*.
 weel-busket, *well trimmed*.
 weel-far'd, weel-faurd, *well-favored*.
 wend, 280, *weened*.
 werry, 248, *weary, sorrowful*.
 whae's aught, *who is it owns*.
 whingers, "a short hanger,
 used as a knife at meals and
 as a sword in broils."
 wight, *strong or nimble*.
 win, *get, go; win to, attain or*
 get to; win up, get up.
 win, *to make the harvest*.
 winna, *will not*.
 winsome, *pleasant*.
 wisna, *know not*.
 worldling, 230, *pet?*
 wow, *exclamation of admiration, or surprise*.
 wreuch, *wretched*.
 yede, *went*.
 yef, *if*.
 ye'se, *ye shall*.
 yestreen, *yesterday*.
 yett, *gate*.
 ying, *young*.
 your lane, *alone by yourself*.
 ze, *ye*.











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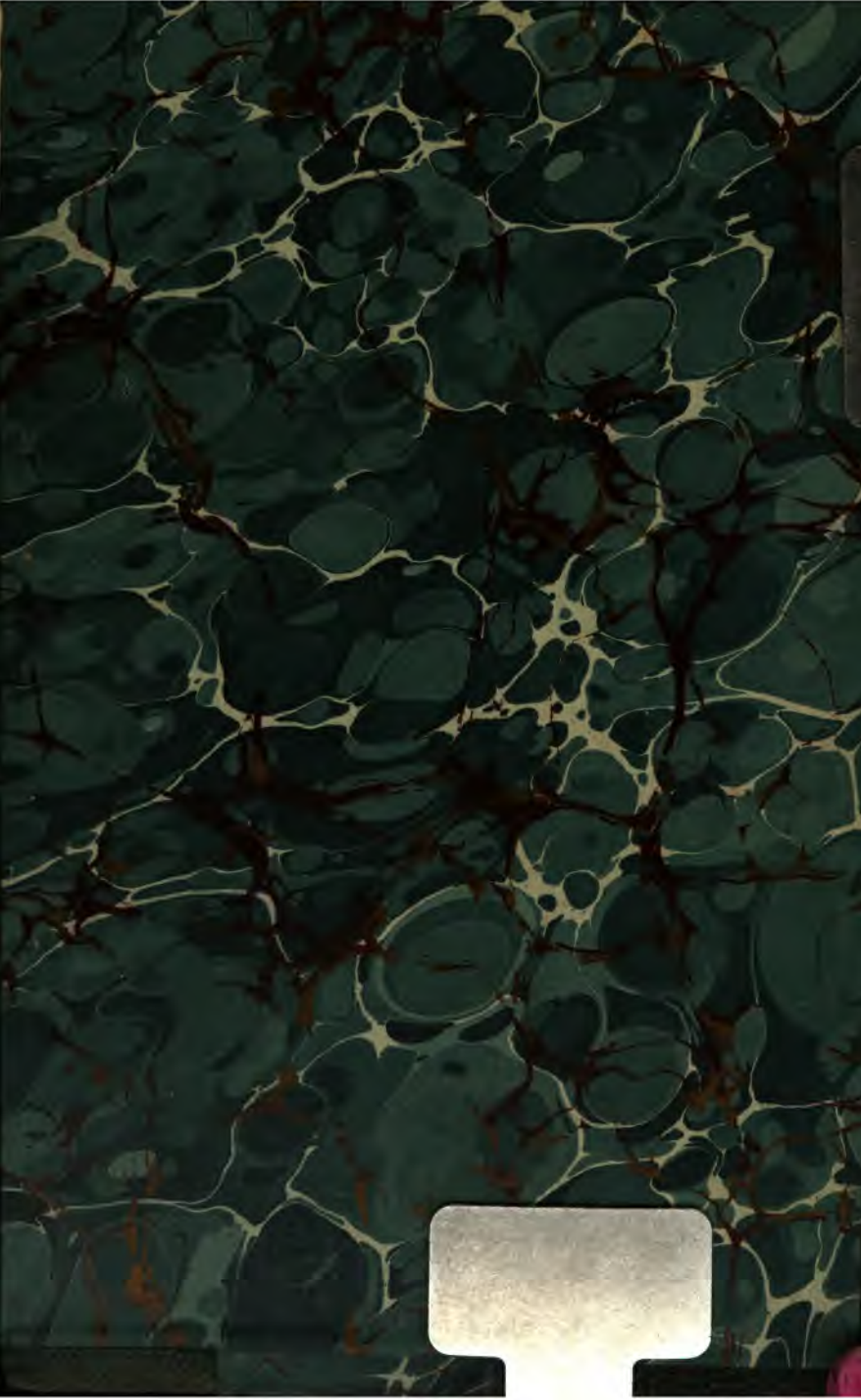
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